

THE BOLENIUS READERS

DOOR TO BOOKLAND





Winonah



The Orphan Boy



Gwen



Kenneth



Kat



The Little Man



The Big Man



The April Fool Imp



Mr. Wolf



Old Growler



Winthrop



Mr. Wolf



Mr. Dog and Mr. Billy Goat



Kit



Rose



Green Goblin



Happy



Mother Breeze

Desk Copy.

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THE BOLENIUS READERS

DOOR TO BOOKLAND

A THIRD READER

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MATERIAL in this reader is organized around a central theme for each section. This central theme is placed in bold-face type in the form of a problem for the child to find the answer. Thus children are given experience with the central idea which later on becomes a library skill.



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The Fairy Outdoors



The Gradual Fairy	<i>Alice Brown</i>	1
1. Mother Breeze Leaves Home		1
2. The Green Goblin Comes		5
3. Green Goblin Makes Six Promises		9
4. Green Goblin Becomes a Fairy		14
Sleepy Song	<i>Josephine Daskam Bacon</i>	17
The Hare and the Tortoise (<i>Æsop</i>)		
Made into a play	<i>Augusta Stevenson</i>	20
Find What is Wrong		22
Goldenrod	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i>	24
Chippy		26



About Indians



The Story of Little Gwen <i>E. C. Phillips</i>	28
1. Little Gwen	28
2. Gwen Keeps House	32
3. With the Indians	37
Who, Where, What	42
Hiawatha <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	44
The Secret	51



Magic Stories



The Magical Whistles... *Isa L. Wright* 54

1. The Whistle-oo Tree 54
2. The Big Man and the Magical Whistle ... 60
3. "Whistles for the Villagers" 66
4. The Little Orphan Boy 74

Tell Why 79

Birds 80

Who, When, What, Where 82

The Merry Brown Thrush *Lucy Larcom* 84

Snapshots of Birds 86



People of Other Lands



The Japanese Shop. *Abbie Farwell Brown* 91

1. The Shop 91
2. The Toy Garden 94
3. What Lived in the Garden 97
4. The Secret 102

Who, Where, What, How 106

The Shadows .. *Frank Dempster Sherman* 108

Following Directions — Letter

Writing 110

Snapshots

around the World . . . <i>George A. Mirick</i>	112
The Dutch Twins . . . <i>Lucy Fitch Perkins</i>	115
Riddles to Guess <i>Mary Austin</i>	126
Cheeko	127



Safety Stories



The Story of a Drum . . . <i>H. D. Brown</i>	130
1. The Silent Drum	130
2. The Drum Goes to the School	134
3. What Happened	136
Sugar <i>Eva March Tappan</i>	141
One Little Firecracker . . . <i>E. C. Dowd</i>	144
Signs and Signals	146
The Man on the Chimney . <i>F. E. Coe</i>	148
Who, When, Where, What	153
Safety First	155



Animal Stories



Why Mr. Billy-Goat's Tail is Short . . . <i>Joel Chandler Harris</i>	158
---	-----

The Four Winds	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i>	166
Who, When, What, How, Where . .		168
The Bear, the Wolf,		

and the Wrens	<i>Grimm</i>	170
-------------------------	--------------	-----

1. The Insult		170
2. The War of the Beasts and the Birds . . .		174
3. The Apology		178

Things to Do

This Spring	<i>Dallas Lore Sharp</i>	181
A Trip to Story-book Land		185



Make-Believe Stories



The Saturdays' Party

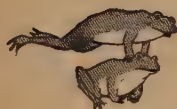
in Fairyland	<i>Mary Carolyn Davies</i>	188
April Fool	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i>	191
1. The "April Fool" Imp		191
2. The "April Fool" Journey		195
3. The Kitchen Garden		201
4. Finding the Good Fairy		204

Marjorie's

Almanac	<i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i>	209
Spring Flowers		210

The Naughty

Tulip	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i>	212
Hidden Word Game		214
Milk	<i>Eva March Tappan</i>	216



The Real Outdoors



The Froggery	<i>Kate Douglas Wiggin</i>	219
1. The Brook Home		219
2. The Hospital and the Nursery		221
3. The Froggy School		223
4. A Singing Lesson		224
Talk	<i>Frances Gill</i>	228
The Clever Kid (<i>Æsop</i>)		
Made into a Play	<i>Augusta Stevenson</i>	230
Berrying Song	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	232
Who, Where, What, How		234
Growing	<i>Frances Gill</i>	236
A Trip to the Woods		237

Word Games		239
----------------------	--	-----



“Mother Breeze leaves home.”

THE GRADUAL FAIRY

1. MOTHER BREEZE LEAVES HOME

What happened when Mother Breeze left home?

¹ Once upon a time there was a Mother Breeze. She lived, with her seven children, inside a big tree.

² One bright morning she got up and said to the seven Little Breezes, "It is going to be very hot to-day." When it was hot, she always had work to do, fanning the Sunset Lake.

³ So they said, "Oh, let us go too!"

"No, my dears," said Mother Breeze, putting on her apron and her strongest wings.

⁴ The Little Breezes began to cry.

"It will be dark in here," they cried, "and we can't see to play!"

But Mother Breeze had heard this many times, so she only smoothed her

apron and said, "If Green Goblin comes, be sure you don't let him in."

⁵ "May we fly out and play with him?" asked all the Little Breezes.

"No," said Mother Breeze. "He would eat you up as quick as a wink."

⁶ "May we speak to him?" asked the Little Breeze that liked to talk.

"You may speak to him," said Mother Breeze, "only you must not let him in."

⁷ "May we make fun of him?" asked the Little Breeze that liked to laugh.

"You may make fun of him," said Mother Breeze, "only you must not let him in."

⁸ "May we scold him?" asked the Little Breeze that liked to make other people do what he said.

"You may scold him," said Mother Breeze, "only you must not let him in."

⁹ “May we praise him?” asked the Little Breeze that liked to have everybody happy.

“Yes, you may praise him,” said Mother Breeze, “only you must not let him in.”

¹⁰ “May we listen to him speak?” asked the Little Breeze that had sharp ears.

“You may listen to him with sharp ears,” said Mother Breeze, “only you must not let him in.”

¹¹ “May we love him?” asked the Little Breeze that liked to love everybody.

“Yes, you may love him,” said Mother Breeze, “only you must not let him in.”

¹² “May we invite him to supper?” said the Little Breeze that liked to give people things to eat.



“Yes, you may invite him to supper, but you must not let him in.”

¹³ All this time Mother Breeze was mixing some paste. Then she laid a large leaf over the door and pasted it on.

¹⁴ When Mother Breeze was done pasting, she shook the leaf to see if it was tight. Then she hurried off to fan the Sunset Lake.

2. THE GREEN GOBLIN COMES

What did the breezes do?

¹ The Little Breezes had a good time, playing a game of puss-in-the-corner, and then a game of race-round-the-table. When they heard the sun outside saying it was twelve o'clock, they got their seven little porridge bowls and sat down to eat their dinner.

² As they were eating the last drop, what should they hear outside but a noise! So they set down their porridge bowls. Then they whispered to each other, the oldest Little Breeze to the next Little Breeze, and the next Little Breeze to the next Little Breeze:

“It is the Green Goblin. He never comes without a noise.”



³ “Little Breezes,” said some one outside. “Little Breezes, are you at home? I have come to call.”

It was the voice of Green Goblin. The oldest Little Breeze whispered to the next Little Breeze, the next Little Breeze to the next Little Breeze, and so on, “It is the Green Goblin.”

⁴ Now the Little Breeze that liked to talk called to Green Goblin, “We are not at home to-day.”

“Yes, you are, Little Breezes,” said Green Goblin, “for I hear you talk.”

“You don’t hear us at all,” said the Little Breeze that liked to talk. “But we know you are Green Goblin.”

⁵ “Indeed, I am not the Green Goblin,” said the voice. “I am a beautiful fairy.”

“No indeed, you are not a fairy,” said the Little Breeze that liked to talk.



“Fairies go about softly, and you come with a noise.”

⁶ After that Green Goblin hurried away to the Thunder and said,

“I don’t want this noise. Can you do anything with him?”

“Oh, yes,” growled the Thunder. “Only you must promise not to have anything to do with him again. I like to keep noises all to myself.”

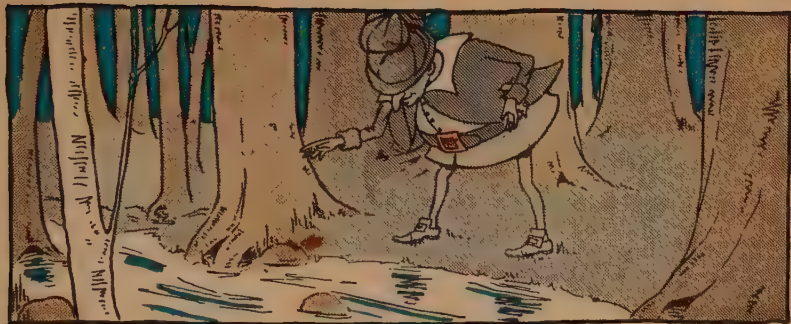
⁷ Green Goblin went back softly, and said again, “Little Breezes, are you at home? I have come to call.”

“Who are you?” asked the Little Breeze that liked to laugh.

He answered, “I am a beautiful fairy, and I have come to call.”

⁸ Then the Little Breeze began to laugh.

“Ho! Ho! You are not a fairy!” she said. “Fairies have sweet voices! Your voice is the voice of Green Goblin.”



3. GREEN GOBLIN MAKES SIX PROMISES

What were the promises?

¹ Green Goblin could not get into the tree, because the Little Breezes said he had the voice of a Green Goblin. So he hurried away to the brook, and said, "Brook, give me some of your beautiful voice." Now the brook was singing all to herself, but she said,

"That will I do, if you promise never to stir up my waters again so that the cows cannot drink."

"I promise," said Green Goblin.

² Green Goblin went back softly and said in the loveliest voice that ever was,

“Little Breezes, are you at home? I am a beautiful fairy, coming to call.”

The voice was so lovely that the Little Breezes wanted to blow down the leaf and let him in. Their mother had told them that if something really happened, they could blow the leaf down.

³ “But she never told us to open it to a fairy,” said the Little Breeze that liked to talk.

⁴ “I’ll tell you,” said the Little Breeze that liked to scold. “Even if it is a fairy, it will be fun to play it is Green Goblin! Then we can scold him all we want.”

“You wicked, wicked Goblin!” she cried. “What do you mean by saying you are a fairy? Fairies have blue eyes, and yours are green. Fairies have pink cheeks, and yours are green. Fairies have a white skin, and yours is green.”



⁵ So Green Goblin hurried away to the sky and said, "O Sky, give me some blue for my eyes."

"That I will," said the Sky, "only promise not to make faces at me again."

"I promise," said Green Goblin.

⁶ He hurried away to the Apple Tree in Bloom and said, "O Apple Tree in Bloom, give me some white for my skin, and some pink for my cheeks."

"That will I," said the Apple Tree in Bloom, "only promise never to shake little birds out of their nests."

"I promise," said Green Goblin.

⁷ He went back softly to the tree and said, "Little Breezes, are you at home? I am a beautiful fairy, and have come to call."

"Oh!" cried the Little Breeze that liked to praise everybody. "A beautiful goblin is outside! How straight and green his hair is, and what a lovely form he has for a goblin! It is like a tub on two sticks!"

⁸ Green Goblin hurried away to a field of corn and said,

"O Corn, will you give me some of your silk for hair?"

"That will I," said the Corn, "only promise not to hurt my stalks."

"I promise," said Green Goblin.

Then he hurried away to where the ferns grew.

"O Ferns," said he, "will you give me some of your green dresses?"



“Yes,” said the ferns, “only promise not to tramp on us any more.”

“I promise,” said Green Goblin.

He went back softly, and said,

“Little Breezes, are you at home? I am a beautiful fairy, and have come to call.”

“A beautiful fairy indeed!” scolded the Little Breeze that had sharp ears. “Your heart is a goblin heart. I can hear it beat.”

So Green Goblin hurried to a farm where there was a good dog.

“O Dog!” he cried, “give me some of your heartbeats!”

“That will I,” said the dog, “only promise to keep them warm.”

“I promise,” said Green Goblin, and he went back to the tree.

4. GREEN GOBLIN BECOMES A FAIRY

How did he become a fairy?

¹ Green Goblin had made six promises. He looked down at himself, and what do you think? Instead of his own legs, he had a waving dress of lovely green, and from under it peeped two pretty white feet. His hands were quite white. Golden hair hung down over his back.

² In his surprise he whispered to himself,

“I am a fairy! Yet I was not born a fairy. I was not a fairy all at once. I must be a Gradual Fairy.”

³ Then he thought of what he had given for all the things that made him a Gradual Fairy. He had promised not to do wicked tricks or say wicked things. Now it seemed very little to pay, for he was very, very beautiful and very, very happy.

He opened his lips again to tell the Little Breezes he had come to call, but what he said was this,

“Little Breezes, it is very hot to-day. Stay quite still indoors, as your mother told you, and at six o’clock she will be home.”

⁴ “Oh,” cried the Little Breeze that loved everybody. “How sweet and kind your voice is! Nobody but a fairy could be so sweet and kind.”

“Won’t you stay to supper?” called the Little Breeze that liked to give things to eat to people.

“I will stay here,” said the Gradual Fairy, “and take care of you. Have your afternoon nap, Little Breezes.”

⁵ Then the Little Breezes went to sleep.

⁶ At six o’clock their mother blew open the leaf and came in. The Little Breezes got awake, one by one, as she took their porridge bowls from the wall. Mother Breeze said happily, as she put on her apron,

“I shall have to hurry and get supper, for there is the loveliest fairy outside. I have asked her to stay.

“Dear me! What a happy Breeze I am, to have children that are good all day and a fairy to come to tea!”



THE SLEEPY SONG

How does your mother sing you to sleep?

¹ As soon as the fire

burns red and low,

And the house upstairs is still,

She sings me

a queer little sleepy song,

Of sheep that go over a hill.

² The good little sheep

run quick and soft,

Their colors are gray and white:

They follow their leader nose to tail,

For they must be home by night.

³ And one slips over and one comes next,

And one runs after behind,

The gray one's nose

at the white one's tail,

The top of the hill they find.

⁴ And when they get to the top of the
hill

They quietly slip away,

But one runs over,

and one comes next. —

Their colors are white and gray.

⁵ And over they go, and over they go,

And over the top of the hill,

The good little sheep

run quick and soft,

And the house upstairs is still.

⁶ And one slips over, and one comes
next,

The good little, gray little sheep!

I watch how the fire burns red and low,

And she says that I fall asleep.



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE



¹ TIME: a warm afternoon.

² PLACE: a meadow.

³ PEOPLE: Tortoise, Hare, Birds

Play this.

⁴ (*The HARE walks in slowly, and sits under a tree. The BIRDS are singing above him.*)

⁵ HARE. It is too warm! Sing me to sleep, birds.

BIRDS. Tweet! Tweet, tweet!

⁶ (*The TORTOISE creeps in.*)

⁷ HARE. Where are you going, Tortoise?

TORTOISE. I am out for a walk, sir.

HARE. Why don't you go out for a run?

BIRDS. Ha, ha, ha!

⁸ HARE. How should you like to race?

TORTOISE. I will race with you, sir.

BIRDS. Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

⁹ HARE. We will race to that field over there. Are you ready?

TORTOISE. I am. Please count for us, birdies.

BIRDS. One — two — three! — Go!

¹⁰ (*The HARE runs. The TORTOISE creeps. The HARE soon reaches a tree.*)

¹¹ HARE. It is so warm! I will take a little nap here. I can easily get to the field first.

¹² (*He sits, and is soon asleep. Soon the TORTOISE creeps by him. The BIRDS follow quietly. The TORTOISE reaches the field.*)

¹³ TORTOISE. I am at the field!

BIRDS. Tweet! Tweet, tweet!

¹⁴ (*The HARE wakes and jumps up.*)

¹⁵ TORTOISE. I have won the race!

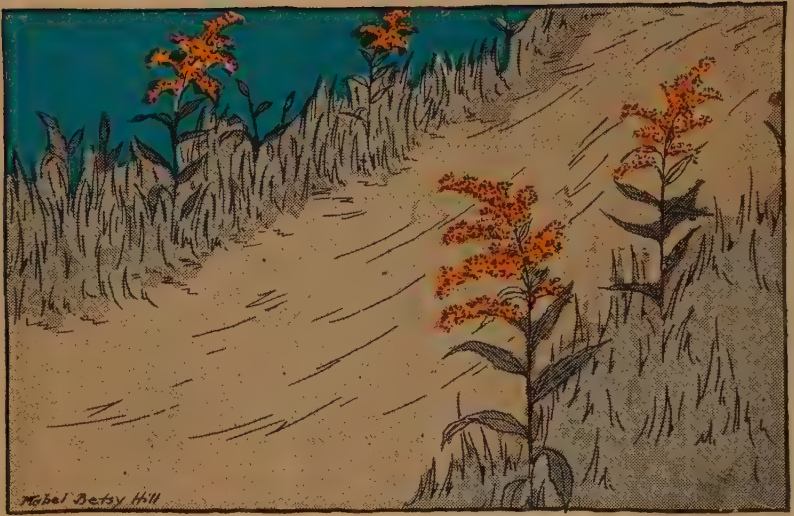
HARE. Well — well — well!

¹⁶ BIRDS. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

FIND WHAT IS WRONG

1. We fan ourselves if we are cold.
2. The fairy pasted a leaf on the lake.
3. School begins at twelve o'clock.
4. Thunder is a sound made by a tub.
5. The form of the goblin was round.
6. Ferns have lovely large red blossoms.
7. Goldenrod blooms in the spring.
8. The ship sails on a lake of porridge.
9. We had a party on the railway track.
10. We sat quietly at our golden desks.
11. The tortoise was asleep when he
ran the race with the hare.
12. Sharpears keep us from hearing well.
13. We paste ourselves in our beds.
14. Heartbeats are made at twelve
o'clock and are good to eat.
15. People plant ferns in golden tubs.
16. A candle is as bright as the sun.
17. Christmas comes in autumn.
18. The boy got a tub in his throat.

19. Children sleep on the car track.
20. When darkness falls, people get up.
21. The form of a ship is quite round.
22. If we get wide awake, we are sleepy.
23. All people love to hear thunder.
24. We use candles if we want much light.
25. Peter hung a pair of shoes around his throat to keep his feet dry.
26. We take our naps in golden beds.
27. The month of May comes in autumn.
28. Through the darkness of night the birdies always sing happily.
29. A real ship sailed quietly through the room this afternoon.
30. After darkness falls, the goldenrod becomes a lovely rose.
31. The boy made a gradual jump from the bridge into the lake.
32. Birdies build their nests in the trees in autumn.



GOLDENROD

Find the meaning of the pictures.

¹ Spring is the morning of the year,
And summer is the noontide bright.
The autumn is the evening clear,
That comes before the winter's night.

² And in the evening everywhere,
Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare,
Like lighted street lamps in the town.



³ I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps
along the homeward track.

⁴ But those who stay too late get lost.
For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost
Will go and put the torches out!

By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

CHIPPY

1

Once upon a time there was a
little animal called Chippy. He
was colored brown with a white line
on his back. He had a bushy tail
and four white feet. He was a
cousin of the gray squirrel. His
real name was Chipmunk.

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Chippy lived in the woods.

50

One night after a golden sun-
set, Chippy was not a bit sleepy.
He wanted to play. His mother
said that he might run as far as
the big oak tree.

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Chippy had found a little cave,
not far distant from the oak tree,
where another chipmunk lived. He
thought he would visit him. The
sun made a golden track through
the woods, so the little chipmunk
ran on, looking for the cave.

86

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104

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116

122

Suddenly it began to get darker 128
 and colder. The sun had gone 134
 down. Chippy looked for the big 140
 oak tree. There it was clear across 147
 the pond! In looking for the 153
 cave he had run by the tree. 160

Just as he turned homeward, he 166
 heard a shout and a sharp bark. 173
 He saw two boys and a dog coming 181
 through the woods. 184

Poor Chippy could hear his 189
 heartbeats. He ran to the near- 194
 est tree. It was only a small tree, 202
 but Chippy climbed up. 206

The boys ran to the tree and 213
 shook it. They made Chippy 218
 climb down so that they could 224
 catch him. They took him home 230
 in a bag, and he became a great 238
 pet. The boys are the ones who 245
 named him Chippy. 248

THE STORY OF LITTLE GWEN

1. LITTLE GWEN

Should you like to be little Gwen?

¹ A long time ago a little girl named Gwen sailed from England with her father and mother and a number of other Quakers. They wished to cross the Atlantic Ocean and make a new home in America.

² When they were almost across, Gwen had a new little brother. Because he was born on the ocean, he was named "Seaborn."

³ It seemed a long time to little Gwen before the ship reached land. Her father, with a few other men and their families, went on into the woods where they wanted to build their homes.

⁴ At first each family had its own tree, and under it they lived. They



“Before the ship reached land.”

were glad of any shelter that would keep them from sun and rain. Then, as it grew colder, they made caves in the bank of the river. With a roof of branches and beds of leaves, they lived there until they could build real houses of logs or stone.

⁵ How glad her mother was when their log house was done! It had a ladder on the outside that led to the room above. Gwen learned to run up and down this ladder as quickly as a squirrel runs up a tree.

⁶ There was little time for visiting in those busy days. Gwen might have been lonely if it had not been for Seaborn. He was a year old now. She spent many moments trotting around after him. He was really a good baby, but now he was cutting his teeth, and that made him cross. Oh! how he cried!



⁷ Just then came the time for the big Quaker Meeting to be held across the river in the town of Philadelphia.

⁸ “Father will go, but we must stay at home, Gwen,” said her mother. “We couldn’t take this crying baby with us to Philadelphia.”



2. GWEN KEEPS HOUSE

Could you do what Gwen did?

¹ Gwen begged her father and mother to allow her to keep the baby at home. They said she could, so the next morning, feeling very good indeed, she saw her

father and mother start across the river in their little boat for the great Quaker Meeting at Philadelphia.

² That very afternoon Seaborn's nap was so quiet that Gwen wasn't one bit surprised to see a big new tooth when she peeped into his mouth after he got awake.

What if it were raining, and they couldn't go out of doors? It was easy enough to play with Seaborn now.

³ All day and all night it rained. The next morning the sky was still gray, and the rain came down as hard as ever. It looked as if it would never stop raining.

⁴ Gwen saw that the river was rising, and had come up over its banks. She hoped that nothing would keep Mother and Father from coming home from Philadelphia that night.

⁵ She was not one bit frightened until late in the afternoon, when a little stream of water came under the door.

⁶ Gwen ran to the window. There was water several inches deep all around the house. She could see that it was rising every moment.

⁷ The only way to go upstairs was by the ladder on the outside of the house. So Gwen put a blanket around Seaborn, and splashing through the water, she carried him upstairs. Then she ran down for milk and a bowl of cold porridge.

⁸ By that time the water was so deep she was afraid to go downstairs again. She put a blanket around herself, and, lighting a candle, sat down in the doorway of the upstairs room to watch and wait for her father and mother to come home.

⁹ It grew darker and darker as evening came. The rain never stopped. Seaborn was sound asleep, and Gwen was nodding. Suddenly she sat up with a jump. A little boat was coming toward them over the water that covered the ground in front of the house. It stopped at the foot of the ladder.

¹⁰ “Father,” called Gwen, “Mother! Here we are, upstairs in the doorway.”



¹¹ But it was not father. It was not mother. A deep voice answered from the canoe,

“Ugh! Missy come, I take.”

And Gwen looked down into the brown face of an Indian.

¹² It was Lame Wolf. He had often traded with Gwen’s father, and he knew the Quakers were having a Meeting over the river. So when he saw the light in the house, he came as a friend to help. He was called Lame Wolf, because he had hurt his foot.

¹³ Gwen was very glad indeed to see him.

¹⁴ “I take,” said Lame Wolf again, and he held up his arms to help Gwen.

¹⁵ Down the ladder she came, with Seaborn in her arms. Off went the canoe through the darkness.



3. WITH THE INDIANS

Find the parts that tell about the pictures.

¹ Gwen got awake the next morning with the sun shining in her face. She was lying in an Indian wigwam. A fire was burning and beside it was an old squaw.

² "My brother!" cried Gwen, springing up. "Where is Seaborn?"

³ The old squaw pointed outside to a tree.

⁴ There, hanging from the low branch of a big oak tree together with several Indian babies, was Seaborn. He was fastened in an Indian cradle, a flat board covered with skins and moss. He seemed to like it, for he smiled when he saw his sister.

⁵ Gwen knew they must be in an Indian village, for she saw a number of wigwams and horses.

⁶ She saw the Indian squaws at work. They were making dresses from animal

skins and putting tiny, bright-colored beads on them. Little girls were carrying wood and water. Little brown boys ran past, with bows and arrows in their hands, off for a day's play.

⁷ Gwen was glad to see her friend Lame Wolf coming toward her. He said, "Missy! Eat!" and took her back into the wigwam, where the old squaw gave her a bowl of soup.

⁸ Then Lame Wolf took Seaborn down from the tree, and went with them to the chief Big Bear.

⁹ Big Bear listened to Lame Wolf's story. He told Lame Wolf to hang Seaborn on a tree, where his own papoose was swinging. Then he looked kindly at Gwen and called to his little girl Winonah, peeping round the wigwam. She led Gwen off by the hand to see her dolls.

¹⁰ These dolls were made of deerskin, with painted faces, and beads for eyes. One doll had a fine head of horsehair, and another, one of feathers. Each doll had its cradle, too. Gwen and Winonah played happily together.

¹¹ In the afternoon, Seaborn and Papoose were taken from their cradles and put upon the ground to roll and tumble about. Gwen and Winonah were near by, watching them.

¹² Suddenly little Papoose began to cough. His eyes grew big and round, and he began to choke. Winonah ran for her mother and left Gwen alone.

¹³ Quick as a wink Gwen knew what she must do. Once Seaborn had swallowed a button and it had caught in his throat. Little Papoose must have put something in his mouth that was choking him now. So Gwen did as she had

seen her mother do for Seaborn. She put her fingers down poor little Papoose's throat, caught hold of something and pulled it out. It was a smooth white stone big enough to choke ten little Papooses!

¹⁴ Big Bear and little Papoose's mother praised her for thinking so quickly. They gave her presents when she went home the next day.

¹⁵ The presents were an Indian dress for herself, a cradle for Seaborn, a doll in its little cradle, and beautiful skins as a present for her mother.

¹⁶ All her life the chief Big Bear, Wionah, and little Papoose were her very good friends.

By E. C. PHILLIPS

SOMETHING TO MAKE

Make cut-outs of a doll, a dress, and a cradle. Color them.

WHO, WHERE, WHAT

Find *who, where, what*, as your teacher says.

1. The girls found acorns in the forest.
2. Lame Wolf sat erect in the canoe.
3. Men sail on the Atlantic Ocean.
4. Lame Wolf saw the candle flare inside the house.
5. Seaborn had a new tooth in his mouth.
6. Gwen and Winonah were contented to play with the clay by the stream.
7. Men can paddle a canoe on the lake.
8. In America we do not use candles all the time to-day.
9. Gwen found the water rising in the stream.
10. Gwen would be lonely without Seaborn in England.
11. The boy can shoot an arrow in the meadow.

12. Children found acorns under oaks.
13. The Indian papoose got a button in his throat.
14. The Indians made deerskin coats in the village.
15. Mother put her bright-colored beads around her neck.
16. Susan made clay dishes in the yard.
17. The robin sang inside the yard.
18. People swim in the Atlantic Ocean.
19. People carry torches on dark roads.
20. Mother put the lamp upstairs.
21. Father lives in a distant country.
22. The chipmunk heard the heartbeat in his breast.
23. The oldest Breeze allowed them to play Puss-in-the-corner in a tree.
24. Gwen's father was born in England.
25. Mother stood erect in the doorway.
26. Winonah found it easy to play in the bright-colored clay.



HIAWATHA

Listen while your teacher reads aloud.



¹ By the shores of Gitchee-Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them,
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.



² There the wrinkled old Nokomis
 Nursed the little Hiawatha,
 Rocked him in his linden cradle,
 Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
 Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
 “Hush! the naked bear will hear thee!”
 Lulled him into slumber, singing
 “Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
 Who is this that lights the wigwam?
 With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
 Ewa-yea! my little owlet!”

³ At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha,
Heard the whisperings of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder.
“Minne-wawa!” said the pine trees.
“Mudway-aushka!” said the water.
Many things Nokomis taught him.

⁴ Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their
secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene’er he met
them,
Called them “Hiawatha’s Chickens.”

⁵ Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their
secrets,



How the beavers built their lodges,
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
 Why the rabbit was so timid,
 Talked with them whene'er he met
 them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

⁶ Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows.
And the birds sang round him, o'er
him,
“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!”
Sang the robin, the Opechee,



Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!”

⁷ Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak
tree,
Laughed, and said between his
laughing
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”

⁸ And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

SOMETHING TO DO

Make cut-outs (bluebird, rabbit,
squirrel).

In the early fall Gwen, the little Quaker girl, thought about the promise she had made Winonah. The promise was that some day she would come again to the Indian village where Winonah lived.

Gwen's father wanted to get some deerskins from the Indians to make into winter coats. Gwen begged him to get the deerskins from Chief Big Bear. Then she could go along to see Winonah.

Her father said that he would take her. Gwen ran to tell her mother about it. Then she found a little white card among her mother's things. When her mother said that she might have it, she wrote these three words on the card in big black letters:

Guess my secret.

The very next time Lame Wolf came by, she gave him the card to take up the river to Winonah.

Winonah did not know what the card said, but she knew that it came from the little white girl. So she watched the river day by day.

One afternoon Winonah was surprised to see a strange white man and a little Indian girl paddle a canoe up to the river bank. When she saw them she started to run away.

A little voice cried, "Winonah! Winonah!"

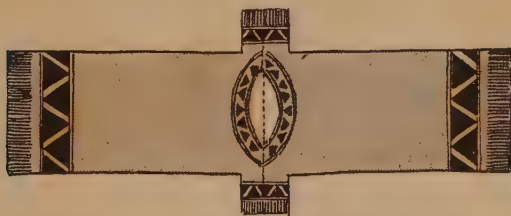
She turned quickly and looked back. Who should the little Indian girl be but Gwen — dressed in the Indian dress that had been given to her by Winonah's father, Chief Big Bear.

The little girls played with their dolls in a tiny wigwam, which Big Bear had made for Winonah to play in. They had tiny cradles for their dolls and tiny dishes made from clay of the river bank.

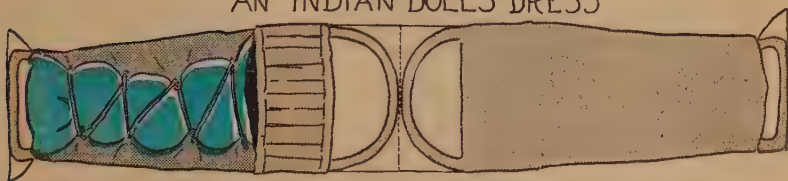
Gwen stayed two whole days with little Winonah and wore her Indian dress all the time.



AN INDIAN DOLL



AN INDIAN DOLL'S DRESS



AN INDIAN CRADLE

THE MAGICAL WHISTLES

1. THE WHISTLE-OO TREE

**What is a whistle-oo tree?**

¹ Once there was a boy who was named Happy. He was very poor, with worn shoes and patched clothes, and no toys but what he could make for himself. But all the children in the village liked to play with him. Everybody loved Happy.

You will not be surprised that Happy knew how to make whistles. But you will be surprised to know that he could make magical whistles.

² It all happened this way:

Happy was sitting on his own doorstep one morning, when along came a queer little old man. He had on a red coat, and his long whiskers were white as snow.

“I have journeyed far,” said the old man, “and I am tired and would rest.”

“Come right in!” called Happy.

When the little man was rested, he said, “I am on my way to plant a little tree.”

“Couldn’t I help you?” begged Happy.

“Come on!” laughed the little man.

They dug a hole close to the brook. Then the little man took out a tiny tree from his pocket and planted it.

“Who will care for the tree when I am gone?” he asked.

“I will,” answered Happy. “What kind is it?”

“It’s a whistle-oo,” said the little man.

“If there’s a wish in the heart of you,
A wish that is merry and kind and true,
Just whistle once on the whistle-oo,
And your happy wish will come true for you.”

“Whistle-oo! Whistle-oo!” said Happy as he ran home. “That’s a funny tree!” As he piled up wood in the back yard for his mother that afternoon, he kept saying it.

What happened to the little tree?

³ The very next morning, after breakfast, he ran to the woods to see the tree. But when he reached the brook, he found the Big Man of the village sitting there fishing. When he looked for the little tree, he found it lying upon the ground.

“Oh!” cried Happy. “Poor little tree!”

“It was in my way,” the Big Man said gruffly, “so I pulled it up.”

“It is a whistle-oo tree,” said Happy.

“What of it?” answered the Big Man. “What do I care about a whistle-oo tree?”



Happy dug a second hole and planted the tiny tree carefully again.

What did the tree do to Happy?

⁴ The next day Happy ran again to the brook. The little tree had grown so much in the night that he could hardly believe his eyes. He clapped his hands and cried, "Now nobody can pull you up!"

Just as he turned to run home, he heard a strange sound. It came from the top of the little tree. "Whistle! Whistle!" it seemed to say.

"The wind is blowing!" Happy said to himself.

The little tree reached out its branches. "Whistle! Whistle!" it said again.

"Yes, indeed, I can make a whistle!" said Happy. He cut off part of a branch and notched it. Then he slipped off the outside bark, and in a minute the whistle was made.

⁵ Happy lifted it to his lips, but before he could blow it whistled all by itself. It was like the warbling of a forest full of birds. The bees and the butterflies, the squirrels and the song birds all stopped to listen.

Then the wonderful whistle began to say in a queer little singing voice,

“If there’s a wish in the heart of you,
A wish that is merry and kind and true,
Just whistle once on the whistle-oo,
And your happy wish will come true for you.”

“A magical whistle!” cried Happy.

Happy ran straight home as fast as he could with the whistle in his pocket. He told his father all about it.

“Use it carefully!” said the wood-cutter. “Save your wishes for the hour of need. It is, indeed, a magical whistle.”



2. THE BIG MAN AND THE MAGICAL WHISTLES

What did the Big Man do about the whistle?

¹ Down in the village the people had heard about the magical whistle, and they wondered much, for the likes of it none had heard of before.

The Big Man said to himself,

“‘Tis a wonderful whistle, and I must have it! Many are the things I can wish for myself.”

Straightway the Big Man went to the home of the woodcutter.

“A magical whistle, indeed,” he said. “I will give you a piece of gold for it.”

“The little tree gave it to me,” said Happy, “just before it grew as tall as the tallest. I should not like to sell the magical whistle. Perhaps the whistle-oo tree will give you one.”

² So the Big Man went to the tree by the brook. He climbed up the trunk of the whistle-oo tree. He pulled off a branch. Then he climbed down and notched the branch to make himself a whistle. He put it to his lips and blew and blew, but not a sound came.

He shook his fist at the whistle-oo tree. "Never mind," he cried gruffly. "I'll have a magical whistle, anyway!"

³ Then he hurried back to the wood-cutter's home.

"The tree gave me a whistle," he called to Happy.

"It looks just like mine," said the boy.

The Big Man put his whistle beside Happy's. "Mine is like yours," he laughed. Then very slyly he changed whistles. "I must be gone, now," he said, a moment later. "I want to show my whistle to all the village."

⁴ So down the road he went.

“Come, one and all! See the magical whistle!” cried the Big Man to the people. “I wish that I may grow richer and richer, until I shall be greater than all of you!”

The Big Man lifted the whistle and blew upon it. He blew hard, and he blew soft, but not a sound came from the whistle.

“Ha! ha!” laughed all the people. “A wonderful whistle, indeed!”

The Big Man stamped his foot and threw away the whistle. As soon as it left his hands, it took to itself wings and straightway off it flew, trilling like a meadow lark.

⁵ The villagers watched the magical whistle, as it flew straight to the wood-cutter’s house and into the pocket of the boy Happy.



Mabel Betsy Hill

“The villagers watched.”

What did Happy do with the whistle?

"I have two whistles now!" cried Happy.

"That is good news," said his father, "for now you can give one away."

"I will give it to the washerwoman," said Happy. "She can wish for her little boy who is lame."

He lifted the whistle to his lips, and once again it began to trill like birds in spring. In its queer little singing voice the whistle said,

"If there's a wish in the heart of you,
A wish that is merry and kind and true,
Just whistle once on the whistle-oo,
And your happy wish will come true for you."

"I wish good fortune for the washerwoman," said Happy.

⁶ Happy ran up the road as fast as he could to carry the whistle to her. When he got there, the washerwoman said,



“My brother has just come from the Far West. He brings a fortune with him, and he wants me to make a home for him.”

“We are so happy!” said the little lame boy. “Now Mother will not have to wash all day long.”

“I have brought you a magic whistle,” Happy said as he handed it to the washerwoman. “You can wish many things for your sick mother and your little lame boy.”

3. "WHISTLES FOR THE VILLAGERS"

¹ When Happy reached home, there, waiting for him, was the little man with the red coat and white whiskers.

"How grows the whistle-oo?" asked the little man with white whiskers.



“Wonderful whistles it makes!” cried Happy. “And the whistle brings all your wishes true.”

“Everybody should have a magical whistle!” said the little man.

“Do you suppose the whistle-oo tree would let me cut whistles to give to all the village people?” Happy asked.

“Let us try,” said the little man.

Off they went together to the woods. They both began to cut whistles, many of them. At last they went back to the woodcutter’s house.

What did the Big Man want most of all?

² The Big Man was there, sitting on the doorstep. “It is about the magical whistles I come to speak,” he began.

“Oh, yes!” cried Happy. “Look at the whistles I have! All my pockets are full.”

“You are a poor boy,” said the Big Man. “So I’ll give you a gold piece for them.”

“*One* gold piece,” asked the little man, “for all his pocket full of whistles?”

“It is more than enough,” said Happy. “Indeed, I could not take money for them. I should like to give them to all the villagers.”

³ “Are you sure they are really magical whistles?” asked the Big Man.

“Oh, yes!” Happy cried merrily. “They are all cut from the whistle-oo tree.”

Then he lifted one of them to his lips. But before he could blow upon it, the wonderful whistle whistled itself. It was like the trilling of a hundred merry birds. And a queer little singing voice said:

“If there’s a wish in the heart of you,
A wish that is merry and kind and true,
Just whistle once on the whistle-oo,
And your happy wish will come true for you.”

“I wish that the poor little orphan boy may find somebody to take care of him and make him happy.”

The Big Man was cross. “A bother to the orphan boy!” he said gruffly. “Have we not enough to do to take care of ourselves, without bothering about orphan boys? Give me the whistles, I will take them to the village for you.”

⁴ So Happy gave him all the whistles.

“Ho, you villagers, come out!” called the Big Man. “My pockets are full of magical whistles. One gold piece buys a whistle. Who buys first?”

The villagers crowded about him. “How shall we know they are magical whistles?” they asked.

⁵ At this moment the washerwoman came along, happy in her good fortune. "Magical whistles!" she cried. "And so many!"

"How do we know that they are really magical?" asked the villagers.

"I have a whistle of my own," said the washerwoman. "It has made my little boy's lame foot well again."

Then she lifted the whistle to her lips. But before she could blow upon it, the wonderful whistle trilled and warbled like a forest full of thrushes. Then, in a queer little singing voice, the magical whistle said,

"If there's a wish in the heart of you,
A wish that is merry and kind and true,
Just whistle once on the whistle-oo,
And your happy wish will come true for you."

The washerwoman laughed and said, "I wish that the whistles may grow

in numbers until there are enough for all the villagers.”

⁶ No sooner were the words out of her mouth than the whistles began to fall out of the Big Man's pockets. They seemed to grow longer and longer, and each whistle divided itself into two. At last, there were as many whistles as villagers. They lay at the Big Man's feet, a merry pile.

“Ha!” laughed the Big Man. “Who wants to buy some magical whistles now? One gold piece buys a whistle!”

The washerwoman was surprised.

“Do you sell them?” she asked.

“Surely!” shouted the Big Man.

Did the Big Man deserve what he got?

⁷ Then the villagers each grabbed a whistle. “Let us try for ourselves,” they cried, “before we pay our gold pieces.”

“I shall wish for great power for myself!” cried one. “Great riches for me!” cried another. “A palace to live in!” shouted a third.

So they went on shouting their wishes, each one wanting for himself something bigger and greater than his neighbors.

“I shall wish for power far above all of you!” cried the Big Man.

They blew hard and they blew soft upon all the whistles, but not a sound came.

⁸ Then they turned upon the Big Man. “Out of our sight!” they cried. “You are a cheat!” They threw the whistles upon the ground and went off to their homes.

The Big Man sat down by a roadside tree and put his face in his hands.

“Now has bad luck come to me!” he cried, “and there is no one to help me.”



Look on pages 74 to 78 for these pictures.

What happened to the whistles?

¹ As the Big Man sat by the side of the road, the wind blew and sent the whistles flying down the road. One of them went sweeping on and on, until it reached the place where the orphan boy lived.

He was sitting on the river bank, very sad and lonely. Suddenly, he saw a whistle rolling along. It stopped close to him.

“A whistle!” he cried to himself. He picked it up, then lifted it to his lips. But before he could blow upon it, the wonderful whistle whistled itself. It trilled and warbled like nesting birds, and a queer little singing voice said,

“If there’s a wish in the heart of you,
A wish that is merry and kind and true,
Just whistle once on the whistle-oo,
And your happy wish will come true for you.”

“A magical whistle!” cried the orphan boy. “Oh, I wish that all the little children in the village might have one, too.”

What strange thing happened?

² Then a strange thing happened.

Down the road came a merry flock of little folks. Big and little, fat and thin, they all came running out of their houses and down the road.

One and all they saw the whistles, and one and all they picked them up. Then they saw the little orphan boy.

“Come on,” they cried. “Come with us and get a magical whistle, for the road is thick with them!”

The orphan boy ran on with them.

³ “What shall we wish!” they all said.

“I shall wish a warm coat for my mother!” cried the janitor’s son.

“I shall wish my father well again!” cried another boy.

So they talked about their merry wishes, as they danced along, hand in hand, to the village. They wished a hundred happy things for everybody they knew, big and little, old and young, rich and poor.

⁴ Nobody thought of the Big Man. Alone and gloomy, he sat by the road. The merry crowd of little people passed him, but the little orphan boy stopped.

“There are magical whistles on the road,” he said. “Did you find one of them?”

The Big Man lifted his head and looked at the boy. Then he shook his head sadly.

The little orphan boy touched the Big Man’s arm. “See!” he said, “I have a magical whistle! I did not blow it with

the children. I should like to give you the whistle."

The orphan boy held it out, but the Big Man did not stir. "The whistle will not blow for me," he said, and he covered his face.

⁵ The orphan boy sat down beside him. "All magical whistles will blow for every one who has a merry wish to wish," he said.

"And what is a merry wish?" asked the Big Man.

"A merry wish makes somebody happy," he said. "Won't you please let me give you my whistle?"

⁶ The Big Man looked at the little boy. "Yes, child," he said, "I will take the whistle. I will blow on it, if it will please you. If my wish comes true, I shall be the happiest man in the world."

He lifted the whistle to his lips. But before he could blow it, the wonderful whistle began to whistle itself, and then, in a queer little singing voice, said,

“If there’s a wish in the heart of you,
A wish that is merry and kind and true,
Just whistle once on the whistle-oo,
And your happy wish will come true for you.”

7 The Big Man stood up straight and tall. “I wish that the little orphan boy might come to live with me that I may feed and clothe him and make him happy.”

The little orphan boy smiled happily and slipped his hand into the hand of the Big Man, and they walked off together.

By ISA L. WRIGHT

PUZZLE PICTURES

Turn to the puzzle pictures on page 73. Each picture is lettered so that you can speak of it easily. Now read pages 74 to 78 again and find the part that tells about each picture.

TELL WHY

1. Why do torches flare?
2. Why are cows called contented?
3. Why did Gwen like England?
4. Why did Gwen like America?
5. Why should we take baths often?
6. Why should children not meddle with things that have a sharp edge?
7. Why are boys eager to paddle canoes?
8. Why are apples bad to eat unless they are ripe?
9. Why cannot people swim across the Atlantic Ocean?
10. Why did Indians shoot arrows?
11. Why do Indians wear bright beads?
12. Why does smoke make us choke?
13. Why are buttons not swallowed?
14. Why do we like to frolic in snow?
15. Why do cats have whiskers?
16. Why can we cut a notch with a knife?
17. Why do papers tell the news?

BIRDS

What does each sentence tell about birds?

1. A bird book tells us all about birds.
2. Bird glasses make birds seem close.
3. Crumbs under a tree will draw birds.
4. Birds love to eat nuts in a net bag.
5. Squirrels like to be fed on nuts.
6. Birds love fat from meat on a tree.
7. Birds flutter their wings in bathing.
8. The robin will listen for worms.
9. Robin Redbreast likes worms better than caterpillars.
10. The owl can see at night.
11. Some owls are almost snow white.
12. The blue jay wears a little hat.
13. The Bob White likes wheat fields.
14. The red-headed woodpecker eats bugs in the trunk of the tree.
15. The flicker is a kind of woodpecker who makes a nest in a hole in a tree.
16. The black crow says *Caw, Caw!*



17. A yellow bird with black wings and black tail is a pretty picture.

18. This little gray bird loves winter.

19. A bird likes to swing on tall grass.

Read again to find the part that tells about each little picture.

WHO, WHEN, WHAT, WHERE

Find each part in each sentence.

1. The neighbors kept chattering on the lawn all morning.
2. Robin Redbreast at sunset warbled sweet music on the lawn.
3. Hiawatha slumbered in a linden cradle all night long.
4. At sunrise Hiawatha gave a fretful wail from his linden cradle.
5. Nokomis hushed his fretful wail in the deerskin wigwam at once.
6. At sunset we feed robin redbreasts, bluebirds, and blue jays on the lawn.
7. The janitor made a fortune out West last year.
8. At once Happy divided his whistles among his neighbors in the village.
9. The boys raced around the table downstairs yesterday.
10. To-day the knife fell on the floor.

11. At noontide the janitor fed a flock of bluebirds by the doorway.
12. On Sunday the blue jays chattered by the beavers' lodge.
13. The old man with whiskers dug a hole in the woods one day.
14. In the palace the fairy lulled the children with sweet music to-day.
15. One day Nokomis lulled Hiawatha to slumber in a wigwam by saying,
Hush, thenaked Bearwill hear thee!
16. Birds flock in the linden at sunrise.
17. One day the Big Man cheated his neighbors in the village.
18. In the pathway birds chatter all day.
19. In the middle of the lawn a timid rabbit sat upon his haunches to-day.
20. Last month Gwen saw a new tooth in her brother's mouth.
21. Birds flocked to the bath on Sunday.
22. To-day birds are thick in the pathway.



THE MERRY BROWN THRUSH

Who would like to read this to the class?

¹ There's a merry brown thrush, sitting
up in a tree.

“He's singing to me! He's singing to
me!”

And what does he say, little girl,
little boy?

“Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?”

Hush! Look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

² And the brown thrush keeps singing,
 "A nest, do you see,
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper
 tree?"

Don't meddle! Don't touch!
 Little girl, little boy,
Now I'm glad, now I'm free!
 And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

³ So the merry brown thrush
 sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me.
And he sings all the day,
 little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
 But long it won't be!
 Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Unless we're as good as can be?"

SNAPSHOTS OF BIRDS

What you are going to read now has many pictures. You should read each part so carefully that you could paint it. The tiny numbers will help you to find these things more easily when you talk about them in class.

A

Find the parts that tell about the robin.

¹ Very early in the Spring, long before the grass is green, while snow is on the ground, the birds begin to come.

² Some morning you will see a robin, standing up very straight on a fence or tree, showing his bright, red breast and black cap, flirting his tail and looking as if he were glad to be back in his old home.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

B

Find the parts that tell all about the baby birds.

¹ Soon after the young bird comes out of the egg, he begins to be hungry.

² All day long, whenever the father or mother comes near, he opens his great mouth, as wide as he can, to have it filled. ³ The moment he gets his voice

he cries for food. ⁴ Then the old birds have to work hard. ⁵ Three or four

hungry little birds can keep both father and mother busy from morning till night, hunting for caterpillars and bugs and other things to feed them. ⁶ A

baby robin needs more worms in a day than you can hold in your hand at one time.

1. _____.

2. _____.

3. _____.

4. _____.

C

Find how one little bird learned to fly.

¹ The first thing young birds learn in their school is to fly. ² The father and mother birds often have to teach baby birds who are afraid to try their wings.

³ In one nest one little bird was left all alone because he was afraid to try to fly.

⁴ He stood on the edge of the nest and called and cried, but would not use his wings.

⁵ His father came to see him now and then, and at last he made him fly in this way. ⁶ He caught a fine, large worm and brought it to the nest in his bill.

⁷ The young bird was very hungry, so when he saw the food, he opened his mouth and fluttered his wings.

⁸ He was so eager that he could hardly wait. ⁹ The father bird did not feed him. ¹⁰ He let him see the worm,

and then with a loud call he flew to the next tree. ¹¹ When the baby bird saw the food going away, he forgot he was afraid. ¹² With a little cry he sprang after it, and so before he knew it he was flying.

D

Find how another bird was taught to take a bath.

¹ A mother robin wanted to teach her baby to take a bath. ² She brought him to a dish of water, filled for their use by some people who liked birds. ³ The little bird stood on the edge and watched his mother go in and splash the water. ⁴ He fluttered his wings and seemed eager to try it for himself, but was afraid to jump in.

⁵ At last the mother flew away and left him standing there. ⁶ But in a

moment she came back with a worm in her mouth. ⁷ The young robin was hungry, as young birds always are. ⁸ When he saw the worm he began to flutter his wings and cry for it.

⁹ But the mother jumped into the dish of water and stood there. ¹⁰ She held the worm where he could see it. ¹¹ The baby bird wanted the worm so much that he forgot to be afraid and hopped right in beside her. ¹² She fed him the worm and then began to splash about. ¹³ He liked it so well that he stayed, and so he learned to take a bath.

By OLIVE THORNE MILLER

DRAW AND COLOR

1. A robin on a fence rail.
2. Three baby birds in a nest.
3. A baby bird trying to fly.
4. A bird taking a bath.

THE JAPANESE SHOP

1. THE SHOP

What did they see in the shop ?

¹ One day, about Christmas time, Rose's mother said to her, "Well, dear, I am going to the Japanese Shop. Wouldn't you like to go along?"

"What is a Japanese Shop?" asked Rose.

"Oh, it is a very wonderful shop," said her mother. "I can't begin to tell you about all the curious things they sell in a Japanese Shop. You must come and see for yourself." So Rose put on her hat and coat and went with her mother to the Japanese Shop.

² What a wonderful place it was! Rose felt just as if she were in some new kind of Fairyland. Everything was colored so bright and beautiful! There were such queer-shaped things sitting



about on the floor and standing up in the corners! Curious lanterns hung

from the ceiling. Tall screens of black and gold with pictures of wonderful long-legged birds stood about.

³ Rose went about the shop by herself, while her mother was looking at the funny lamps hiding under colored umbrellas. She found a funny Japanese doll. But over in a corner, all by itself, Rose found something that would make the loveliest Christmas present — the most wonderful Christmas present that any little girl could have.



⁴ It was a toy garden. It was the kind that is put into the best room of a Japanese house for visitors to see.



2. THE TOY GARDEN

Read to find what was in the garden.

¹ My! It was a curious little garden! It was a really truly live garden, with growing trees and plants and moss. But

it was all so tiny that it could stand on a little table. And though the trees were really truly grown-up trees, a great deal older than Rose — older even than her mother, they were no taller than Rose's little hand.

² This is the way the garden looked. It was almost square and there was a little stone wall around it, about an inch high. In the middle of the garden was a hill built of rocks, and on the top of the hill was a lawn of green moss, with a tiny pagoda, or Japanese house, no bigger than a match box. The sides of the hill went down, very green and smooth, and at the foot was a little brook of real water, winding around the whole garden. The tiniest path of sand went zigzag down the hill to a bit of a red bridge that crossed the brook, for the people in the pagoda at the top of

the hill to use. And all along the brook grew little baby plants, and wonderful dwarf trees. Pine trees they were. The pine needles had fallen on the ground and had turned an ugly brown, just as everyday pine needles do. Only these were ten times smaller than everyday pine needles.

³ Rose wondered who lived in the little pagoda at the top of the hill. She said to herself,

⁴ “Oh, how I wish I were little enough to live in that dear little house, and play in that sweet little garden, and climb up into those darling little trees! Oh, how I wish I could be tiny!” And that was something which Rose had never before wished.

SOMETHING TO DO

Make a toy garden on the sand table like this Japanese garden.



3. WHAT LIVED IN THE GARDEN

What things happened in the garden?

¹ Just then Rose heard a cough behind her. Looking around, she saw the little man who kept the store.



Rose made up her mind to ask him all about it.

“Oh, Mr. Man!” said Rose, “I think you can tell me who lives in the dear little house and plays in the dear little garden and paddles in the dear little brook. Will you, please?”

² The little man bowed and smiled. He looked at Rose for a minute without saying anything. Then he went away to the other end of the store. Soon he came back, and he had something in his hands. He set a little Somebody down beside the pagoda on the top of the hill. It was a tiny little old man made of china in a green dress, with a knob of hair on the back of his head, like a lady.

“He lives in pagoda, little old man!” he said. “And these, his animals — they live in garden that is all around pagoda.”

As he said this he set down on the bridge the tiniest white baby rabbit, and in the brook a teeny-weeny duck, which floated on the water, and under one of the trees a wee-wee mouse, with pink ears.



³ “Oh!” cried Rose, clapping her hands. “Oh! how I wish I could be little enough to play there with them. Are they alive?”

⁴ The little old man smiled more than ever. Then he whispered behind his hand to Rose, as though it were a great secret:

“No, not alive now. But after dark, when moon shines, and store all empty — all big folks gone away — then all

come alive. My — my! Little old man walks down hill, fishes in brook. Duck says, ‘Quack, quack!’ Little rabbit hops so-so — hoppity-skip, hoppity-skip — over bridge. Little mouse cries, ‘Wee, wee!’ and climbs up pine tree. Yes, after dark, when moon shines, and store all empty — then all come alive!”

“Oh! Have you ever seen it?” cried Rose, clapping her hands, with her eyes wide.

⁵ But just then her mother came back. Rose was very sorry when the little man bowed politely and walked away to the other end of the store. She had wanted to ask him a great many more questions about the wee-wee mouse, the teeny-weeny duck, and the white baby rabbit.

4. THE SECRET

How did the secret make Rose happy?

¹ “Come, Rose,” said her mother.
“We must go home now.”

“Oh, Mother! I want it!” cried Rose.

“Want what? The garden? Oh, my dear! I cannot buy you that,” said her mother sadly. “It costs dollars and dollars. But maybe I could buy you the mouse, or the duck, or the rabbit, or the little old gentleman up there. Would you like one of them, dear?”

“Oh, no!” cried Rose. “It would be dreadful to take them away from their lovely garden. Think how lonely they would be when it grew dark, and they all came alive!”

² On the way home Rose told her mother the great secret, which the little old man had told her. Her mother

thought it was all very strange indeed. When they reached home Rose told her brother all about the toy garden and the secret which the little man had told her. But he only said, "I don't believe a word of it."

³ When it was dark, Rose went to bed. In a little while her mother came to kiss her good-night. Rose held her tightly by the hand and made her sit down on the edge of the bed, where the moonlight shone like silver.

"Oh, Mother!" she whispered. "Think of the shop, all dark and empty now, with just one moonbeam shining on the little garden in the corner. The little old gentleman comes alive, pop! like that! Now he goes walking out of his house, down the little path over the hill. The bunny rabbit scampers in front of him, hippity-hop! Can't you see him,

Mother? Now they come to the little bridge. The teeny-weeny duck says 'Quack, quack!' and swims round and round the garden. Now the little old gentleman sits down under one of the tiny pine trees and begins to fish in the brook. The wee-wee mouse runs up and down the tree and nibbles the cheese which the old gentleman has in his pocket. Oh, Mother, I can see it all, just as clearly! I wish I were there."

"I can see it, too," said Mother.

"Oh, Mother, I think I could grow little just as easily as they could come alive. Don't you?" said Rose.

Her mother answered, "Perhaps you could."

⁴ But she would never take Rose to the Japanese Shop with her after dark, to see if it could be done. Maybe she was afraid that Rose might grow little



and stay little always — which would have been a dreadful thing for her mother.

⁵ Rose thinks that she herself would like it very well indeed — to live always in that wonderful garden with the wee-wee mouse and the teeny-weeny duck and the tiniest white baby rabbit and the funny little old gentleman.

By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

WHO, WHERE, WHAT, HOW

1. The workmen fastened the curious lanterns safely to the ceiling.
2. The children played happily in the sand pile.
3. With a sharp knife the hunter cut a notch in the juniper tree.
4. The lady fed the song birds in the quickest way on the pathway.
5. Somebody bravely moved a heavy trunk downstairs.
6. The faithful horse carried his master safely through the desert.
7. The timid rabbit sat on his haunches under the juniper tree.
8. A live mouse nibbled some cheese hungrily in the gentleman's pocket.
9. The swallows flew swiftly around the top of the church.
10. The rich man gruffly asked questions in the village square.

11. In the shop the man politely changed a dollar.
12. Grandmother spoke quietly in church.
13. Out west the rich man quickly got the news.
14. The song birds sang merrily in the thick bushes.
15. The boys quickly found the square match box among the pine needles.
16. On the ship the man used his own language politely.
17. Mice bother us badly in the kitchen.
18. Somebody fastened a china knob tightly on the parlor door.
19. The hunter bravely sprang at the ugly beast in the zigzag pathway.
20. In great sorrow the lady visited the church in the country.
21. Sweetly the mother kissed her little girl good-night in the moonlight.



THE SHADOWS

What different things are said about shadows?

- ¹ All up and down in shadow-town
The shadow children go.
In every street you're sure to meet
Them running to and fro.
- ² They move around without a sound.
They play at hide-and-seek.
But no one yet that I have met
Has ever heard them speak.

- ³ Beneath the tree you often see
 Them dancing in and out,
And in the sun there's always one
 To follow you about.
- ⁴ Go where you will, he follows still,
 Or sometimes runs before,
And, home at last, you'll find him fast
 Beside you at the door.
- ⁵ A faithful friend is he to lend
 His presence everywhere.
Blow out the light — to bed at night —
 Your shadow-mate is there!
- ⁶ Then he will call the shadows all
 Into your room to leap,
And such a pack! They make it black,
 And fill your eyes with sleep!

By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

1. How could you make a shadow?
2. What makes a shadow dark?

Betty Black
44 Park Street
Portland, Maine

stamp

Miss Mary Brown
75 West Orange Street
New York City
New York

FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS — LETTER WRITING

1. *What to put on the front of an envelope.*

In the middle write the name and address of the person to whom the letter is to be sent. In the upper left-hand corner write the Return Address. (Your own name and address.) In the upper right-hand corner put the stamp.

2. *How to address an envelope.*

Write the person's name in the middle. Under the person's name write the

street number and street. Under that write the city and state.

3. *How to send a letter.*

Put the letter in the envelope and seal it. Address the envelope. Put a stamp in the corner. Drop the letter into the mail box.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

1. By whom is this letter written?
2. Where does she live in Portland, Maine?
3. To whom is the letter sent in New York?
4. What must be put on the letter to Miss Brown before Betty can drop it into the mail box?
5. Should she buy a pink or a green stamp for this letter? Why?
6. Where can you buy your stamps?
7. Look quickly to see which street name is the longer.
8. Look quickly to see which numbers are used in the addresses.

SNAPSHOTS AROUND THE WORLD

Read carefully.

1. ¹ The jungle is a fine home for wild plants, trees, bugs, snakes, and beasts, but it is not a good home for people. ² The jungle people live in huts or in small villages. ³ They spend their time in hunting and fishing, and in making war on one another. ⁴ They wear little or no clothes. ⁵ They build their huts out of the grass and palm leaves. ⁶ Their food is wild nuts, wild fruit, roots of trees, and such wild animals and fish as they can catch.

1. For what is the jungle a fine home?
2. In what do the jungle people live?
3. How do they spend their time?
4. What do they wear?
5. How do they build their houses?
6. What do they eat? *
7. Should you like to live there?



2. ¹ Nogasak was a little Eskimo girl.
² She lived with her father, mother, and little brother in a village near the North Pole. ³ There were only fifteen families in the village, but there were other children, so that Nogasak and her brother had some playmates.

⁴ The Eskimo village was a queer-looking place. ⁵ The houses were round mounds of snow about as tall as a man. ⁶ They were close together. ⁷ Each family built its house where it pleased, for there were no streets. ⁸ There was really no need for streets in so small a village.

1. Nogasak was a ———.
2. She lived near ———.
3. The houses were made of ———.
4. The village had only ——— families.

3. ¹ Houses of the desert are built of mud. ² Wood is used only for beams and outside doors. ³ The clay is found under the sand and is made into bricks, which are dried in the sun. ⁴ The bricks are piled up to make the walls of the houses. ⁵ Mud is then put over the bricks and over beams of wood to make the roof. ⁶ The outside walls of some of the houses are broken only by a doorway. ⁷ If there are windows, they are so small that you can hardly put your head through them. ⁸ People of the desert do not like to have people look in where they are living.

By GEORGE A. MIRICK

1. What is a desert?
2. Would you like to live in the desert or the jungle?
3. How is a desert home made?
4. Of what is a desert house built?
5. Draw one of these houses.

THE DUTCH TWINS

¹ Kit and Kat woke up very early, without any one's calling them. You see, they were afraid they would be too late to go with the milk cart.

Grandfather Winkle had gone out to get the milk ready. The twins had time to dress while Grandmother got breakfast. Grandmother helped with buttons and the hard parts of their clothes.

What was this Dutch kitchen like?

² Grandmother Winkle's Dutch kitchen was like the kitchen at home, only nicer. It had red bricks on the floor. It had ever so many blue dishes hanging around on the walls and standing on edge in a row on the shelves. There was a warming pan with a bright brass cover, hanging on the wall; and I wish you could have seen the pillows and the cover on the best bed!



Drawn by Lucy Fitch Perkins

Grandmother Winkle had made the pillow and cover herself, and she was very proud of them. When the neighbors came in, she always drew the curtains back so that her beautiful bed would be seen. She said that she always

left the curtains open when anyone came to visit her.

How were the Dutch Twins dressed?

³ When the Twins were all dressed, Grandmother said,

“Oh, my dears! You have on your best clothes! Now that’s just like a man to promise to take you out in your best clothes in a milk wagon! What was Grandfather thinking about!”

Kit and Kat thought she was going to say that they could not go, so they dug their fists in their eyes and began to cry. But they had not got farther than the first whimper when Grandmother said,

“Well, well, we must fix that somehow. Don’t cry now, that’s a good Kit and Kat.” So the Twins took their fists out of their eyes and began to smile.



Drawn by Lucy Fitch Perkins

⁴ Grandmother went where the clothes were kept and brought out two aprons. One was a very small apron. It wouldn't reach to Kit's knees. But she put it on him and tied it tight.

"This was your Uncle Jan's when he was a little boy," she said. "It's pretty small, but it will help some."

Kit wished that Uncle Jan had taken it with him when we went to America.



Drawn by Lucy Fitch Perkins

⁵ Then Grandmother took out another apron. “Kat, you must wear this,” she said. “It was your mother’s when she was a little girl.”

Now, this apron was all faded, and it had patches on it of different kinds of cloth. Kat looked at her best dress. Then she looked at the apron. Then she thought about the milk cart. She wondered if she wanted to go in the

milk cart badly enough to wear that apron over her Sunday dress!

Grandmother didn't say one word. She just looked and held up the apron. Very soon Kat came slowly, and Grandmother buttoned the apron up behind, and that was the end of that.

What were they going to do?

⁶ The Twins could hardly eat any breakfast, they were in such a hurry to go. As soon as they had eaten their porridge, and Grandfather Winkle was through with breakfast, they ran out into the place where the dogs were kept, to help Grandfather harness the faithful dogs. There were two black and white dogs. Their names were Peter and Paul.

The wagon was small, just big enough for the dogs; and it was painted blue. The bright brass cans full of milk



Drawn by Lucy Fitch Perkins

were in the wagon; and there was a little seat for Kat to sit on.

When everything was fastened tight, Grandfather lifted Kat up and set her on the seat. She held on with both hands. Then Grandfather gave the

lines to Kit, and a little stick for a whip, and told him to walk slowly along beside the dogs. He told him to be sure not to let go of the lines. Grandfather walked behind, carrying the milk cans.

Grandmother stood in the door to see them off. As they started away, Kat took one hand off the cart long enough to wave it to her. Then she held on again, for the bricks in the street made the cart bounce a good deal.

⁷ “We must go first to Vrouw de Vet,” Grandfather called out. “She always takes some milk. Go slowly.”

Now something happened. Read to find why.

At first Kit went slowly. But pretty soon there was a great noise behind him; and Hans Hite, a boy he knew, drove right past him with his dog cart! He drove fast, and as he passed Kit he put out his tongue and shouted:

“Milk for sale! Milk for sale!

A milk cart drawn by a pair of snails!”

Kit forgot all about going slowly.

“Get up!” he said to the dogs, and he touched them with his long whip. Peter and Paul “got up.” They jumped forward and began to run! Kit ran as fast as his legs would go beside the dogs, holding the lines. But the dogs had four legs apiece, and Kit only two.

⁸ Kat began to scream the moment that Peter and Paul began to run. The dogs thought that something that made a dreadful noise was after them, and they ran faster than ever. You see, Grandfather Winkle never in the world screamed like that, and Peter and Paul didn’t know what to make of it. So they ran and ran and ran.

Kat held on the best she could, but she bounced up ever so far in the air

every time the cart struck a bump in the street. So did the milk cans; and when they came down again, the milk splashed out. Kat didn't always come down in the same place. All the places were hard, so it didn't really matter much which one she struck as she came down.

But Kat didn't think about that; she just screamed. And Peter and Paul ran and ran, and Kit ran and ran, until he couldn't run any more. He just sat down hard and slid along. His cap flew off, but he didn't let go of the lines!

⁹ When Kit sat down, it jerked the dogs so hard that they stopped suddenly. But Kat didn't stop; she kept right on. She flew out over the front of the cart and landed on the ground, among all of Peter and Paul's legs! Then she stopped going, but she didn't stop screaming. And, though Kit was a

boy, he felt like screaming, too. Then Peter and Paul pointed their noses up in the air and began to howl.

Way back, ever so far, Grandfather was coming along as fast as he could; but that wasn't very fast.

¹⁰ All the doors on the street flew open. All the good grown-ups came hurrying out to see what was the matter. They picked Kat up and told her not to cry, and dried her eyes with their aprons. They stood Kit on his feet, and patted the dogs. Pretty soon Peter and Paul stopped barking, and Kit and Kat stopped screaming. Then it was time to ask questions and find out what had really happened.

By LUCY FITCH PERKINS

1. **Who** are in this story?
2. **Where** did the story take place?
3. **What** happened in the story?
4. **Why** did it happen?

Which lines help you to guess these riddles?

1

I come more softly than a bird,
And lovely as a flower;
I sometimes last from year to year
And sometimes but an hour.

I stop the swiftest railroad train
Or break the stoutest tree.
And yet I am afraid of fire,
And children play with me.

2

I never speak a word,
But when my voice is heard,
Even the mountains shake.
No hands have I
And yet great rocks I break.

By MARY AUSTIN

Nogak was a little Eskimo boy. 7
He lived with his sister Nogasak 13
in a village near the North Pole. 20
He was eight years old. In his 27
furry coat he looked like a big ball 35
of fur. 37

Nogak's father had a big sled, 43
which was drawn by eight fine dogs. 50
The dogs were harnessed two by 56
two. The first two dogs were the 63
leaders. One of the leaders was 69
Nogak's own dog. His father had 75
given him to Nogak, when the dog 82
was only a puppy. Nogak had 88
named him Cheeko. 91

One day Nogak and his sister 97
Nogasak were playing near the 102
edge of the frozen river, where great 109
pieces of ice were piled up. Beside 116
one of these great pieces was a deep 124

crack in the ice. The snow had
drifted into the hole, so that the
children did not know how deep it
was.

In running back and forth with
Cheeko, Nogak stepped too near
the edge and fell into the hole.
Nogasak screamed. She stopped
right on the edge of the hole herself.
She might have fallen in, too.
She looked down, and there lay her
brother, all in a heap, half hidden
in the deep snow.

All this time Cheeko was running
back and forth on the ice, barking
with all his might. Nogak tried to
get out of the snow, but the harder
he tried, the deeper he sank into
the snow.

Suddenly the dog's barking
stopped. Nogasak looked back

quickly to see what was the matter, 252
 but Cheeko was gone. Nogasak 257
 began to cry. 260

Nogak was crying, too, for he 266
 could not get out of the deep hole, 274
 and it was very cold. 279

All at once Nogasak heard a 285
 shout in the distance, and loud 291
 barking. Across the snow came 296
 Cheeko bringing their father with 301
 him. 302

Quick as a wink, Father threw a 309
 rope down into the hole, and called 316
 to Nogak to catch it. A quick pull 324
 brought Nogak out of the hole. 330

Cheeko barked and barked, as if 336
 to say, "I did it all!" 342

What happened?

To whom?

Where? When? Why?

THE STORY OF A DRUM

1. THE SILENT DRUM

Why is this drum called silent?

¹ It was a handsome little drum, bright with red and gold. Winthrop's mother held it up and looked at it. She thought to herself:

“Winthrop has played so little with other children, that I believe I will burn the drumsticks! They make so much noise. He can have the drum. That will not make a noise.” So Winthrop's mother burned the drumsticks.

² Of all his new toys, none delighted Winthrop more than his big, bright, silent drum. He did a number of things with the drum. He sat on it. It was every kind of cart and wagon and sled. It was a desk, a tub, and a table. It was everything but a drum.



One day Winthrop struck the drum by mistake. It gave forth a hollow sound, different from any sound made by his other playthings. Winthrop hung back at first, a little surprised, then he gave it another tap.

“Take care, dear,” called his mother.
“Don’t hurt it. It might break.”

So a year went by. Winthrop was quite contented with this silent drum.

What made Winthrop more delighted?

³ One day there was a cry: “Come and look out of the window, quick!” Winthrop drew the curtains aside and tried to see around the corner. They were coming! The soldiers! You could hear the distant music. It was a deep beat, beat, and a high note.

⁴ The soldiers came into sight. At the head of the band marched a big man. Hanging in front of this man was that very thing that Grandma and he had used for a tea table. Beating upon it with two sticks, the soldier made the most wonderful sounds that Winthrop had ever heard in his life.

⁵ He stood very quiet until the soldiers were past. Then he rushed downstairs to the kitchen.

“Please give me two clothes-pins,” he begged. With his clothes-pins Winthrop marched upstairs.

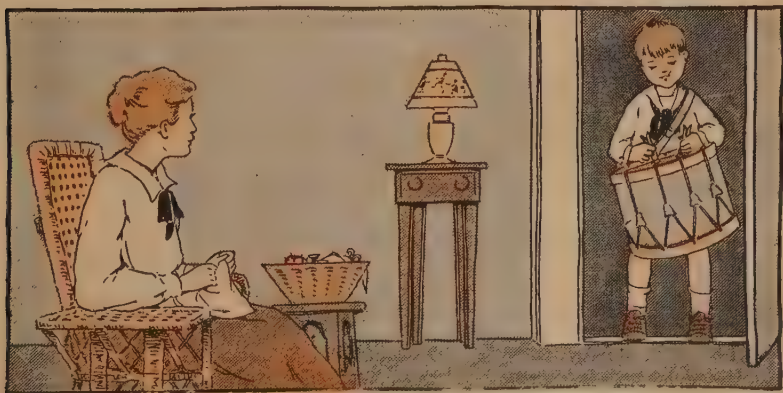
“Rat-tat-too! Rat-tat-too!

Ratty-tat-tatty-tat-tat-too!”

“Mother, that is what it really was,” cried Winthrop happily. “Only we didn’t know! A soldier had one. This was what he did!” Winthrop beat his drum:

“Rat-tat-too! Rat-tat-too!

Ratty-tat-tatty-tat-too!”



2. THE DRUM GOES TO SCHOOL

How could a drum "go to school"?

¹ In the fall it was a proud and happy day when Winthrop began to go to school. His school was a large one, of first grade.

"Is there any little boy here that knows how to drum?" the teacher had asked. Winthrop's hand went up, and five others.

"I mean somebody that knows how to drum very well," she said. Winthrop's hand went down, but a friend of Winthrop's waved his hand.

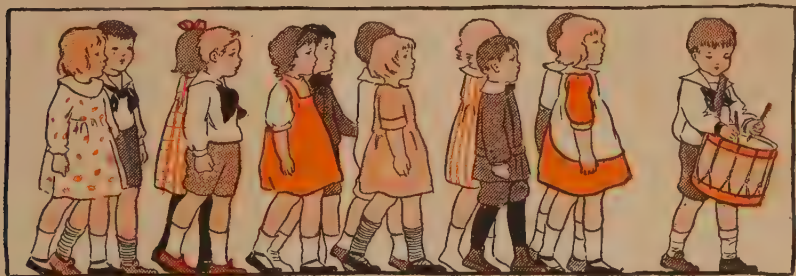
"Well, what is it, Tom?" asked the teacher.

"Winthrop is the best drummer in this school. He could play in the band," said Winthrop's friend.

"Bring your drum, Winthrop," said the teacher.

That a drum should be allowed to go to school was a great and new thought. It sent Winthrop home on the run.

² Oh, the happiness of the next day, when Winthrop beat the drum! The children's eyes shone as they proudly obeyed the music. There were no more delays on the stairs. There were no more delays on the landings. The children followed their little leader. They fell into step and marched to their places. The drum worked wonders. And at the close of school it dismissed the pupils.



³ "I find," said the Principal, "that I can clear the building in just a minute and a half."

"It makes school fun," said the girls. The little boys agreed that it might, if they could skip arithmetic and spelling.

Winthrop at first had not taken kindly to school. He was timid. It was the drum that made him want to go.

3. WHAT HAPPENED

Could you do what Winthrop did here?

¹ The teacher stopped the lesson. She went to the schoolroom door and looked out, up and down the hall. Then she said:

"The janitor may be burning something that has a queer smell."

² A moment later the Principal came to the door. "March right out," she

said, "and go down to the front door without stopping to get your coats."

"My drum to march with?" asked Winthrop.

"Yes, get your drum," said the young teacher. "We shall need it."

³ "Fire! fire!" cried some one. "Oh, run! run!"

All of a sudden the children were fighting among themselves to get through the narrow doorway. Little brothers and sisters pulled each other this way and that, but none could move forward a step.

⁴ The smoke was pouring in, and the cries of children from above and below were an awful sound. It was but a few seconds that it lasted, for a drum sent courage to all. Their leader, Winthrop, was beating his drum.

"Beat harder!" cried the teacher.

The children were shocked into quiet. That any one should beat a drum while the house was on fire surprised them so much that it made them stand still.

How did the drum help?

⁵ “Now!” said the teacher in a loud, firm voice. “March in twos. Fall in line. Left, right! Left, right!” The teacher beat with her foot. She gave them a fast, even step that carried them out of the room and down the hall to the head of the stairs. There another stream of children met them.

“Keep up with the music!” called Winthrop’s teacher. “Do what the drum says. Left, right, left, right!”

⁶ On the stairs was the greatest danger. If they reached the foot in good order, they were safe.

The dark, hard-used stairway went down, down until it turned at the left



side. Then it went down, down again to the outside door and safety.

Smoke by this time was pouring out around them, and children were coughing.

⁷ The children reached the bad turn, marching four in a row. Those on the inside took in their steps without thinking, and those on the outside sang so loud that they forgot all about their feet. At the end little Winthrop marched out beside his teacher, still beating his drum.

It had taken two minutes and a half for the three hundred boys and girls to set foot in safety in the school yard.

⁸ In a minute the firemen came, and now it was great fun for the children to watch them. The fire department saved the building, but Winthrop and his drum had saved the children. That was what the teacher told his mother.

By H. D. BROWN

SOMETHING TO TELL

What would you do if a fire broke out in your school?

SUGAR

Make up a title for each of these.

I. 8

¹ Nearly all the sugar we buy comes from the sugar cane, the sugar beet, and the sugar maple.

² Sugar cane is a kind of grass. It sometimes grows twenty feet high. One might be lost in a field of it as easily as in the woods. Its sap is so sweet that both grown-up people and babies like to suck bits of the stalk. The canes are cut and carried to a mill. A machine is then set to work to squeeze out the juice. The canes go between rollers. These rollers break them and tear them to pieces. When the pieces leave the rollers, they are so dry that they could be burned.

³ The juice squeezed out is dark and sticky. It is as little like white sugar as anything could be. There is some water left in the juice. After this is taken out, the juice is left very thick. It is then boiled, just as we boil candy, until sugar is formed. When this is dried, it is somewhat like the brown sugar we sometimes buy.

1. From what does sugar come?
2. What is done to the sugar canes?
3. What is done to the juice?
4. What do people like in sugar cane?

II. _____

¹ If you do a good deal of hard work, such as shoveling snow, or sweeping, or digging in the garden, sugar will not hurt you. ² Sugar is good for mountain climbers and lumbermen. ³ Long ago it was tried as a food for soldiers on long marches. ⁴ It was found that the

soldiers who ate sugar on the march could go much farther than the others who did not.

1. When will sugar not hurt you?
2. What kinds of men have found sugar of help?
3. Why did they like the sugar?

III. _____

¹ Nearly three hundred years ago, an old book said that in America there was a tree which cried if it was cut.

² It said that the juice which came from the cut would dry into a sweet sugar. ³ This crying tree was the sugar maple, and the sweet juice became maple sugar.

1. What did the old book say about the tree in America?

2. What things do we get from the sugar maple tree?

By EVA MARCH TAPPAN



ONE LITTLE FIRECRACKER

Here are ten things that burned up.
The first thing was very little.
The last thing was very, very big.

How did the fire grow
from a little thing to a big thing?

Tell the ten things that happened.

ONE little firecracker,
eager for a lark.

TWO little shavings,
ready for a spark.

THREE little papers,
in a pretty little blaze.

FOUR little flames,
going all sorts of ways.

FIVE little dry sticks,
just in trim to burn.



SIX old timbers,
waiting for their turn.

SEVEN great stories,
full of fire and fright.

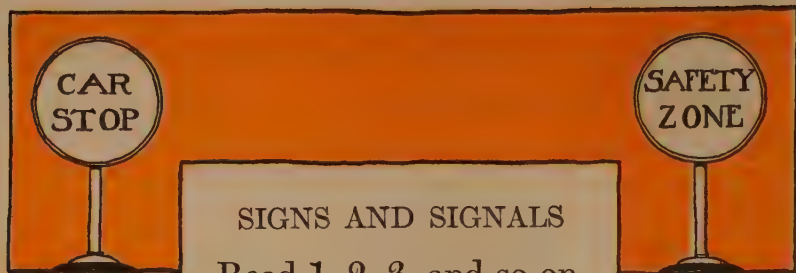
EIGHT burning buildings,
such a sorry sight!

NINE big blocks,
up in flames they leap!

TEN million dollars,
in a blackened heap!

By EMMA C. DOWD

1. Have you ever seen a house on fire?
What set it on fire?
What did the firemen do at the fire?
2. Where is the nearest fire alarm box?
3. Tell how a fire often starts.
4. Draw a picture of a bonfire,
or of a house on fire.



SIGNS AND SIGNALS

Read 1, 2, 3, and so on.

Then read to yourself carefully
what is asked about each one.

Be ready with answers.

1. *Stop! Look! Listen!*

Where do you find this sign?

When might it save a life?

Why are the words in this order?

2. *Keep to the right.*

Who must obey this sign?

Where have you seen it?

3. *Do not park here.*

What does this sign mean?

Tell a good place for this sign.

4. *Danger! Keep out!*

Where have you seen this sign?

Why should you obey it?

5. *No trespassing.*

What does this sign mean?

Where have you seen it?

Why should you obey it?

6. *Post no bills.*

What does this sign mean?

Where have you seen it?

7. *No admittance.*

What does this sign mean?

Where have you seen this sign?

Why do people put it up?

8. *Keep off the grass.*

Where do you find this sign?

Why should you obey it?

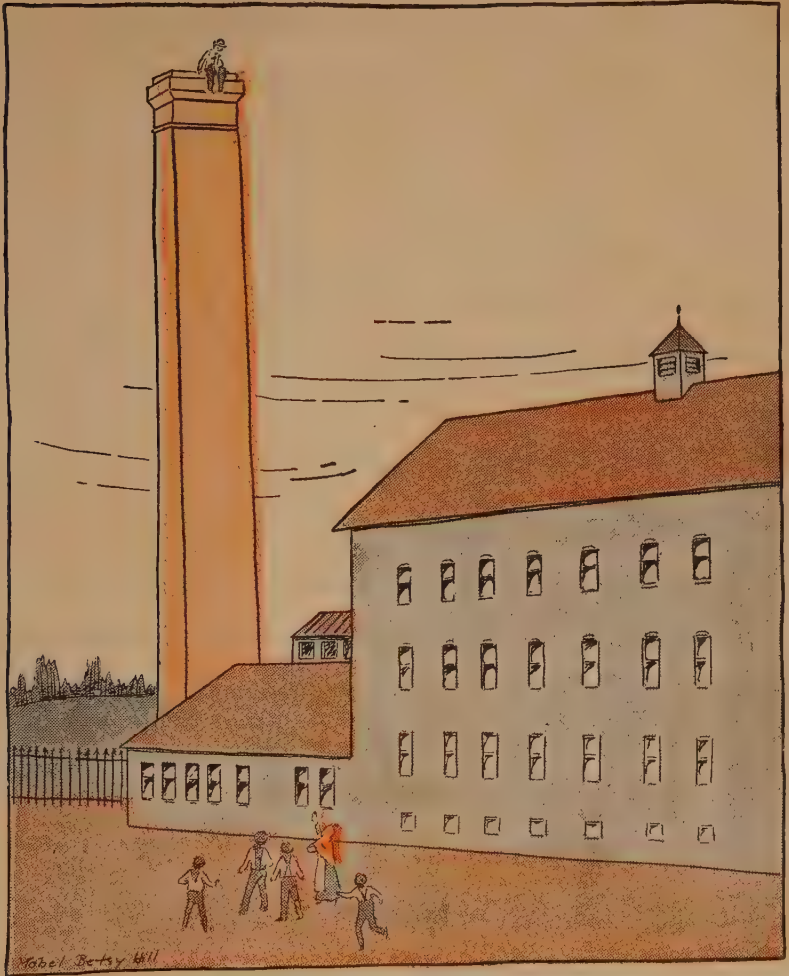
Who was the quickest thinker in this story?

¹ Once upon a time some workmen were repairing the tall chimney of a factory. It was so tall that no ladder could reach its top, so the men went up and down on a rope. The rope passed through a pulley which was fixed to the top of the chimney. The pulley allowed the rope to move easily up and down.

At last the work was ended, and the workmen came down quickly, glad to be safe on the ground once more.

² When the next to the last man reached the ground, by mistake he pulled the rope from the pulley. Then he looked back and saw another man standing alone on the chimney.

“Oh! what have I done!” he cried.
“Poor fellow, what will become of him?”



He cannot get down! It is near sunset
and getting colder! He will surely
die!”

³ The workmen were frightened, but they could think of no way to help their friend. They stood there, looking first at the rope at their feet and then at their friend high in the air.

“He will freeze if he stays there, and be killed if he tries to climb down,” they said sadly.

⁴ Just then the wife of the man arrived. She did not cry or scold. Instead, she said to herself, “What can I do to save him? There must be some way.” Soon a bright idea came to her, and she shouted, “John! John! Unravel your stocking!”

John understood at once. He drew off the heavy yarn stocking that she had knit for him, cut off the toe, and began to unravel the yarn. When he had unravelled a long piece, he tied the end around a small piece of brick. This

he very carefully let down, inch by inch, to the ground.

⁵ How eagerly the workmen below seized upon it! They fastened the yarn to a ball of twine which John's wife had brought. Then they shouted, "Pull up the yarn till you get the twine."

Soon John called to them, "I have it."

They next fastened the twine to a heavy rope and shouted, "Pull up the twine till you get the rope."

"All right!" shouted John.

In a few minutes he tied the rope to the chimney. With its help, he let himself safely down to the ground.

How they all cheered!

⁶ Do you think he left the piece of his stocking on top of the chimney? No indeed, it was too precious. He brought it down, buttoned under his coat. He

often showed it to his children and told them the wonderful story of how their mother had saved his life.

By FANNIE E. COE

SOMETHING TO DO

Copy these sentences and finish them:

1. A man was left on —.
2. The workmen did not know how to —.
3. The man's wife told him to —.
4. So the man began to —.
5. He tied the yarn to a brick and —.
6. Then the workmen fastened the yarn to —.
7. The man pulled up the —.
8. Then the workmen fastened the twine to —.
9. The man pulled up the —.
10. He tied it to the —.
11. Then he —.

WHO, WHEN, WHERE, WHAT

1. Billy was angry in the factory on Saturday afternoon.
2. The poor fellow seized the fire-crackers on the porch this morning.
3. The pupils had a half-holiday in New York state yesterday.
4. The boy cleaned his teeth in the bathroom this morning.
5. The Principal said good-by to the pupils in the hall yesterday.
6. Grandma knitted twenty woolen stockings up North last year.
7. Grandmother drew the curtains in the parlor last evening.
8. Billy put his cap on the book shelves just now.
9. Some person meddled with the fruit basket on the porch last night.
10. At noon we saw smoke pour through the narrow, upper hall.

11. Paul played his fiddle in the school-room every day.
12. The boys made a bonfire at the creek to-night.
13. Tom said *Hello* to Billy in the mill at noon to-day.
14. To-day the Principal taught arithmetic and spelling in the schoolroom.
15. We found a brass match box in the factory before noon to-day.
16. The lumbermen saw sparks fly and flames blaze up in the mill just now.
17. In the factory the man played his faithful fiddle at the noon hour.
18. Straightway the handsome lady gave signals with the lantern upstairs.
19. Grandmother fixed square pillows under the umbrella after we arrived.
20. We drifted to and fro in our hollow boat after we struck hidden timbers.
21. A fireman died in the mill to-day.

SAFETY FIRST!

2

1

A railroad crossing is a bad place	9
for children. Trains come and go	15
at all hours. Many little boys	21
and girls have been killed because	27
they did not <i>stop, look, and listen.</i>	34
Never try to cross the railroad	40
track until you are sure no train is	48
coming. Never run under the	53
gates at the railroad crossing.	58

2

Street cars also mean danger,	63
unless boys and girls are careful.	69
Never try to run in front of them.	77
Never get on or off before the car	85
stops. Never jump on behind,	90
trying to get a free ride.	96

3

Automobiles also mean danger,	100
unless boys and girls are careful.	106
Do not run in front of an automo-	113
bile; for many people are killed	119
each year in that way. Never hang	126
on to the back of a truck. Do not	135
jump on the running board, while	140
the car is moving. Many children	146
are hurt that way.	150

4

Streets also mean danger, un-	154
less boys and girls are careful.	160
Never play in streets where there	166
is a good deal going on. It is not	175
safe. Never cross the street ex-	180
cept at the crossing, unless you	186
look carefully up and down the	192
street.	193

There is also a great danger in	200
fire. Do not meddle with match	205
boxes. Never play with matches.	210
Many bad fires have started from a	217
little match. Never start a bonfire	223
unless you have permission.	227

Meddling is also a danger, some-	232
times. Never touch a fire alarm	237
box unless there is a fire. Never	244
touch electric light buttons, unless	249
you are told to. Never turn on the	257
gas, either at a stove or at the light	266
unless for some reason. Never	271
touch bottles that you know nothing	277
about. Never meddle with things	282
that workmen are using in putting	288
up buildings.	290

WHY MR. BILLY-GOAT'S TAIL IS SHORT

On the next page are six pictures lettered A-F. They are in the wrong order.

Find the right order.

"They tell me," said Mr. Rabbit suddenly, "that things have got to that pass in the country we came from, that even Mr. Billy-Goat, who used to eat meat, now eats straw for a living. That's what Mr. Thimblefinger says.

"I suppose Billy is still bob-tailed? I remember the very day he had his tail broken off."

"Tell us about it," begged Buster John. "Why is he bob-tailed?"

"I think it was one Saturday," replied Mr. Rabbit. "In those days we used to have a half-holiday every Saturday. We worked hard all week and tried to crowd as much fun into a half-holiday as possible.



“Well, one Saturday afternoon Mr. Billy-Goat and Mr. Dog were walking

arm in arm along the road, talking and laughing, when all of a sudden a big rain came up.

“Mr. Billy-Goat said he was very sorry he left his umbrella at home, because the rain was likely to make his horns wet. Mr. Dog said he didn’t mind water, because when he got wet the fleas stopped biting.

“But Mr. Billy-Goat hurried on, and Mr. Dog kept up with him until they came to Mr. Wolf’s house, where they ran into the front porch for shelter. The door was shut tight, but Mr. Billy-Goat made so much noise as he tramped about that Mr. Wolf opened his window and looked out. When he saw who it was, he cried out,

“ ‘Hello! this is not a nice day to pay visits, but since you are here, you may as well come in out of the wet.’

“But Mr. Dog shook his head and flirled up dirt by scratching on the ground with his feet. He had smelled danger. Mr. Billy-Goat saw how Mr. Dog behaved, and he was afraid to go in. So he shook his horns.

“‘You can just as well come in and sit by the fire,’ said Mr. Wolf, opening the door.

“But both Mr. Dog and Mr. Billy-Goat thanked him kindly, and said they didn’t want to carry mud into the house. They said they would just stand in the porch till the shower passed over.

“Then Mr. Wolf took down his precious new fiddle and began to play. In his day and time few could beat him playing the fiddle. And this time he played his very best, for he knew that if he could start Mr. Billy-Goat to dancing he’d have him for dinner.”

“I don’t see how,” said Buster John.

“Well,” explained Mr. Rabbit, “if Mr. Billy-Goat began to dance he would be likely to dance until he got tired, and then it would be an easy matter for Mr. Wolf to outrun him.”

“Of course,” said Sweetest Susan.

“Well,” Mr. Rabbit went on, “Mr. Wolf kept on playing the fiddle, but Mr. Billy-Goat didn’t dance. Not only that, he kept so near the edge of the porch that the rain drifted in on his horns and ran down his long neck. But he kept his eye on Mr. Wolf.

“After playing the fiddle till he was tired, Mr. Wolf asked, ‘How do you get your meat, my young friends?’

“Mr. Dog said he depended on his teeth, and Mr. Billy-Goat, thinking to be on the safe side, said he also depended upon his teeth.

“ ‘As for me,’ cried Mr. Wolf, ‘I depend on my feet!’ and with that he dropped his fiddle and jumped at Mr. Billy-Goat. But he knocked the broom down, and it tripped him.

“It was all very sudden, but by the time Mr. Wolf had picked himself up, Mr. Billy-Goat and Mr. Dog had gone some distance.

“They ran and ran until they came to a big creek. Mr. Billy-Goat asked Mr. Dog how he was going to get across.

“ ‘Swim,’ said Mr. Dog.

“ ‘Then I’ll have to bid you good-by,’ replied Mr. Billy-Goat, ‘for I can’t swim.’

“By this time they had arrived at the bank of the creek, and they could hear Mr. Wolf coming through the woods. They had no time to lose. Mr. Dog looked around on the ground, he picked

some jan-weed, yan-weed, and tan-weed, rubbed them together, and put a big drop of the juice on Mr. Billy-Goat's horns. He had no sooner done this than Mr. Billy-Goat was changed into a white rock.

"Then Mr. Dog leaped into the creek and swam across. Mr. Wolf ran to the bank, but there he stopped. The water was so wide it made tears come in his eyes; so deep that it made his legs ache; and so cold that it made his body shiver.

"When Mr. Dog arrived safely on the other side, he cried out, 'Ah! you are afraid! You've drowned poor Billy-Goat, but you are afraid of me. I dare you to throw a rock at me!'

"This made Mr. Wolf so angry that he seized the white rock and threw it at Mr. Dog with all his might. It fell

near Mr. Dog, and instantly became Mr. Billy-Goat again. But in falling a piece was broken off, and it happened to be Mr. Billy-Goat's tail. Ever since then he has had a very short tail."

"Were you there, Mr. Rabbit?" asked Sweetest Susan.

"I was fishing at the time," replied Mr. Rabbit. "I heard the noise they made, and I turned around and saw it just as I've told you."

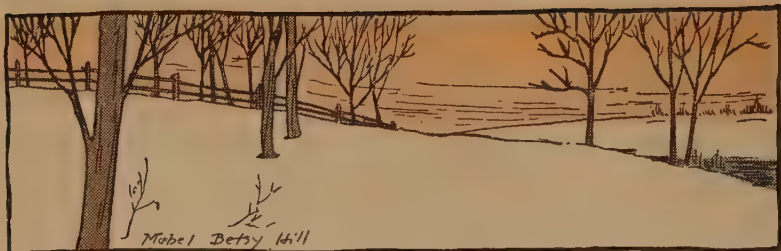
By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

SOMETHING TO DO

1. Write the names of all the speakers in Mr. Rabbit's story.

2. Draw a picture of the thing into which Mr. Billy-Goat turned. Write its name.

3. If Mr. Wolf played the horn, draw a horn. If he played the fiddle, draw a drum.



THE FOUR WINDS

What do the four winds do?

- ¹ In winter, when the wind I hear,
I know the clouds will disappear.
For 'tis the wind who sweeps the sky
And piles the snow in ridges high.

- ² In spring, when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show.
For 'tis the wind who bids them wake
And into pretty blossoms break.





³ In summer, when it softly blows,
Soon red I know will be the rose.
For 'tis the wind who to her speaks,
And brings the blushes to her cheeks.

⁴ In autumn, when the wind is up,
I know the acorn's out its cup.
For 'tis the wind who takes it out,
And plants an oak somewhere about.

By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

18



WHO, WHEN, WHAT, WHERE, HOW

1. On Monday twenty playmates drove with joy through the drifted snow.
2. On Tuesday lumbermen in the hollow eagerly answered a fire alarm.
3. In the state house on Wednesday a speaker eagerly explained his course.
4. To-day a dwarf used a candy cane as a wand in a department store.
5. On Thursday the drummer played in the band with his new drumsticks.
6. The stoutest fellow sank in the snow with a whimper when they hit a post.
7. Grandma sealed the letter and put it in a mail box as soon as possible.
8. Just now Bob knocked a furry caterpillar off the pole with a cane.
9. A fellow in a truck hit an automobile hard on a winding road to-day.
10. Twenty firemen bravely faced danger on Friday in the machine shop.

11. On Monday the fire department worked with courage on the blazing stairs.
12. We clearly saw from the airplane to-day the floating seal.
13. To-day Grandma safely boiled the ripe fruit on the hard-used gas stove.
14. We easily got permission to boil candy on the stove on Thursday.
15. The firm to-day spent a million dollars on the electric plant in Maine.
16. On Wednesday the band eagerly returned to Portland.
17. On Friday in school Bob understood the easy directions over a telephone.
18. To-day the dog was covered with dirt and fleas from head to tail.
19. Eagerly I found the blushing crocus buds on the lawn in spring.
20. The lumbermen in Maine swiftly trim shavings from timbers all day.
21. To-day I behaved politely in school.

THE BEAR, THE WOLF, AND THE WRENS

1. THE INSULT

What was the insult?

¹ One summer day a bear and a wolf were taking a walk in the woods. They heard a bird singing very sweetly.

“Brother Wolf,” said the bear, “what kind of bird is that singing so sweetly?”

“That is the King of the Birds, before whom we must bow,” the wolf replied.

² But really it was only a wren. So when the bear saw the tiny bird, he said, “If that is the King of the Birds, I should like to see the royal palace.”

“I will show it to you when the queen comes home,” the wolf replied. So they waited, and kept a sharp watch. Soon they saw the queen go to her nest. She carried food for her young ones. A few moments later she flew away.



³ Then the wolf and the bear peeped into the nest. They saw six young birds.

“Is that the royal palace?” the bear asked. “It is an awful hole. Do you mean to say that those are royal children? They are poor weak things!”

⁴ When the young wrens heard this, they were very angry, and they cried, “No! no! We are not. You shall be punished for your insulting words.”

The bear and the wolf began to be afraid. They hid themselves in their dens.

⁵ When the old birds again brought them food, the little birds cried out, “We will not touch so much as the leg of a fly! No! not if we starve! You must show that we are not ‘poor weak’ children. The bear has been calling us names.”

“There, there, my dears,” their father said. “Be quiet, and he shall be punished.”

⁶ So the father and the mother bird flew to the bear’s den and cried, “Old



Growler, why have you insulted our children? We shall make war upon you."

2. THE WAR OF THE BEASTS AND THE BIRDS

Who won the war? Why?

¹ The wrens flew away from the bear's den. Back they flew to their own nest.

"Never mind, my dears," said the Father Wren, "they shall be punished."

² The bear hurried off to call his friends to help him. All the four-footed beasts met together. The wolf and the donkey came. The tiger and the monkey came. The elephant and the lion came. Every beast that walks the earth with four feet came.

³ The two little wrens summoned all the little animals with wings. They summoned not only the birds, great and small, but they summoned the gnats and the hornets. They summoned the bees and the flies.

⁴ The time came for the war to begin. Father Wren sent out spies to discover

who was to be the general of the enemy's army. Among these spies were some gnats, and they were the most cunning of all. One of these cunning gnats flew to the woods and discovered the four-footed beasts holding a meeting.



⁵ He settled on a leaf of the tree and heard the bear say to the fox,

“Reynard, you are famous for your cunning, so you shall be our general and lead us.”

“Very good,” Reynard the Fox replied, “and now we must agree on a signal. I have a long bushy tail. It looks like a red feather at a distance. If I hold it straight up, all is going well. Then you must march after me and fight the enemy. But if I let my tail hang down, you must run for your lives.”

When Reynard finished speaking, the gnat flew back, and told the father wren what had been said.

⁶ The battle morning dawned, bright and clear. The four-footed beasts came rushing along. They were roaring and growling. They were making the earth

shake with their tramp. The wren and his army came also. They came flying through the air. They were flapping and buzzing.

⁷ When the two armies came against each other, the wren sent a hornet to settle on Reynard's tail and sting it as hard as he could. The hornet did as he was told. He stung the fox on his tail. When Reynard felt the sting, he lifted up his leg, but he stood the pain bravely and kept his tail up. Again the hornet stung. This time the fox had to let his tail drop a little, but only a little.

⁸ When the hornet stung the third time, down went the tail of the fox between his legs. The other beasts at once thought that all was lost, so they began to run, each to its own hole.

So the birds won the battle.



3. THE APOLOGY

How did the bear make the apology?

¹ The wren flew home to his children.

“Now be happy,” he said. “Eat and be contented, my children, for we have won.”

But the young wrens cried,

“We will not touch a thing until the bear comes to the nest, and says he is sorry for calling us ‘poor weak’ children.”

² So the father and mother birds flew away. They flew to the bear’s den. “Old Growler, you must come to our nest,” cried the father and mother wrens. “You must tell our little ones that you are sorry for calling them names. If you don’t do this, you shall be punished.”

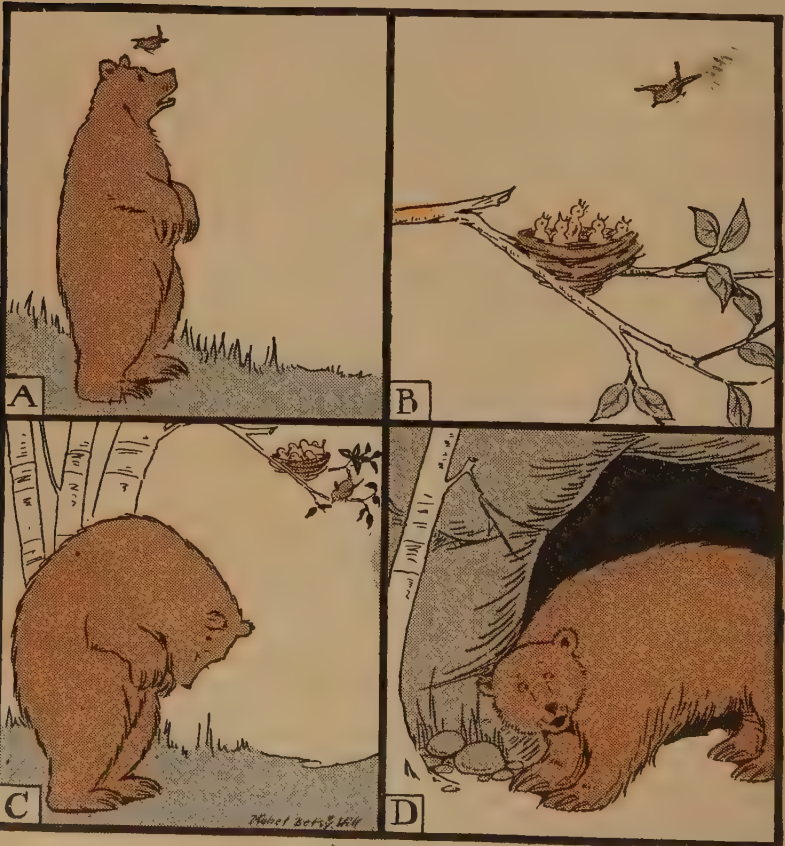
³ Old Growler was very much frightened. He came crawling out of his den. He crawled to the nest of the little wrens. Father Wren pecked at his ear to make him hurry.

“I’m very sorry,” said Old Growler. “You are not poor weak things, but royal children!”

⁴ “We are that!” cried the young wrens, all together in a wee voice. “We are glad you are sorry, Old Growler.”

Then Old Growler went back to his den.

GRIMM. Told again by CLIFTON JOHNSON



THINGS TO DO THIS SPRING

Find the big thought for each part.

¹ If there is room under your window, or on the clothes pole in your yard, or in a neighboring tree, nail up a bird house. If the bird house is on a pole, put a large tin pan over the end of the pole and nail the bird house fast to it. This will keep cats and squirrels from getting the birds. Cats are enemies to the birds. They like to catch young birds in the spring.

² There are four places that you should go to this spring. The first is a small pond in the woods with trees growing close to the water. The second is a deep wild swamp. The third is a wide salt-water marsh or fresh-water meadow. The fourth is the seashore. You should try to go to a rocky or sandy shore, if possible.

³ There are birds and animals as well as plants and flowers that live only in these four places. You will get a sight of these different birds and animals, and plants and flowers. You will get a sight of four different kinds of country, too.

⁴ Boy or girl, you should go fishing. You should go to a pond or a river where you can watch the birds. Suppose you do not catch any fish. That does not matter, for even if you catch no fish, you will be sure to get something better. As you wait for the fish to bite, you may hear a kingfisher or see a painted turtle, or smell the sweet green leaf buds and catkins of the alder opening around the wooded pond. It is a very good thing for the young naturalist to learn to sit still. A fishing pole is a great help in learning that lesson.



⁵ One of the best things you can do is to get some frogs' eggs from the pond and watch them grow into tadpoles and on into frogs. It is best to get a small glass aquarium. Put in it a few green

water plants, a few fish, a snail or two, a young turtle, and the frogs' eggs. Then watch them grow.

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

Find the part that tells about each picture.



A TRIP TO STORY-BOOK LAND

5

One night a little girl named Polly had no sooner shut her eyes to go to sleep than whisk! something happened. You never could guess what it was.

11

18

24

29

33

Polly was in a third grade class just like you. She had been thinking about one of the stories the children had read in school that afternoon, and maybe that is why this all happened.

40

46

53

59

65

68

Mother Breeze blew in softly through the open window. She still wore her apron and wings. She waved a wand over the little girl sleeping in bed, and said:

73

78

85

92

97

“Little girl!

99

Come with me,

102

And we shall find

106

What we can see!”

110

Polly was wide awake in a moment. She jumped up and followed Mother Breeze right out through the window. Polly had a pair of wings, too. They had grown, quick as winking, out of her little white nightie!

Mother Breeze took Polly to Story-Book Land. There they saw everybody they had read about that year and talked to some of the story people.

The Green Goblin told what he had to do to become the Gradual Fairy.

Hiawatha told them about the "naked Bear" in the gloomy forest.

Chippy told about the lodges of the beaver.

Kit and Kat made Peter and Paul shake hands with her, and

Grandmother Winkle gave Polly a Dutch cake. 223

Mr. Billy-Goat took them to the big creek and showed them the piece of white rock that was broken off, when he ran away from Mr. Wolf. 231
237
244
251
252

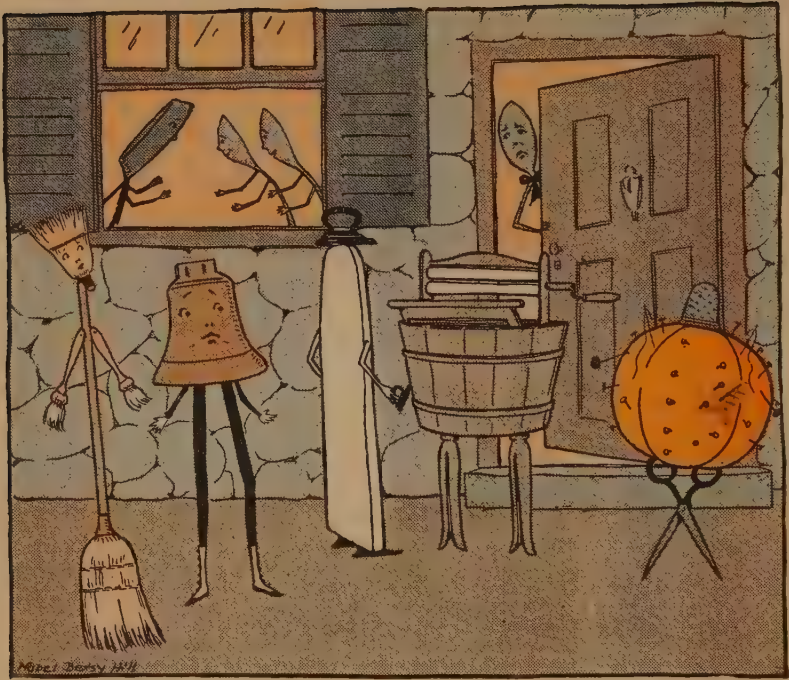
Old Growler led them to the nest of the king of birds. Tapping on the same tree was the woodpecker. 259
266
272

Gwen told her about the presents that Chief Big Bear gave her. 278
284

Rose showed the lanterns and screens in the Japanese garden. 289
294

The boy Happy gave Polly one of his magical whistles and told her to make a wish. 300
307
311

What wish should you like to make?



THE SATURDAYS' PARTY IN FAIRYLAND

Here the days of the week are pictured as people. What are they doing?

Listen while your teacher reads aloud.

- ¹ All the Saturdays met one day
 (Each was very polite, they say).
 They shook each other by the hand,
 And had a party in Fairyland!

² They wouldn't let any Monday in,
And not one Tuesday at all could win
Her way past the supercilious crowd!
And Wednesdays — Why!
they weren't allowed!

³ Thursdays could only stand
in the street
And look through the door
at the things to eat!
And the Fridays and Sundays
pretended they
Didn't like parties anyway!

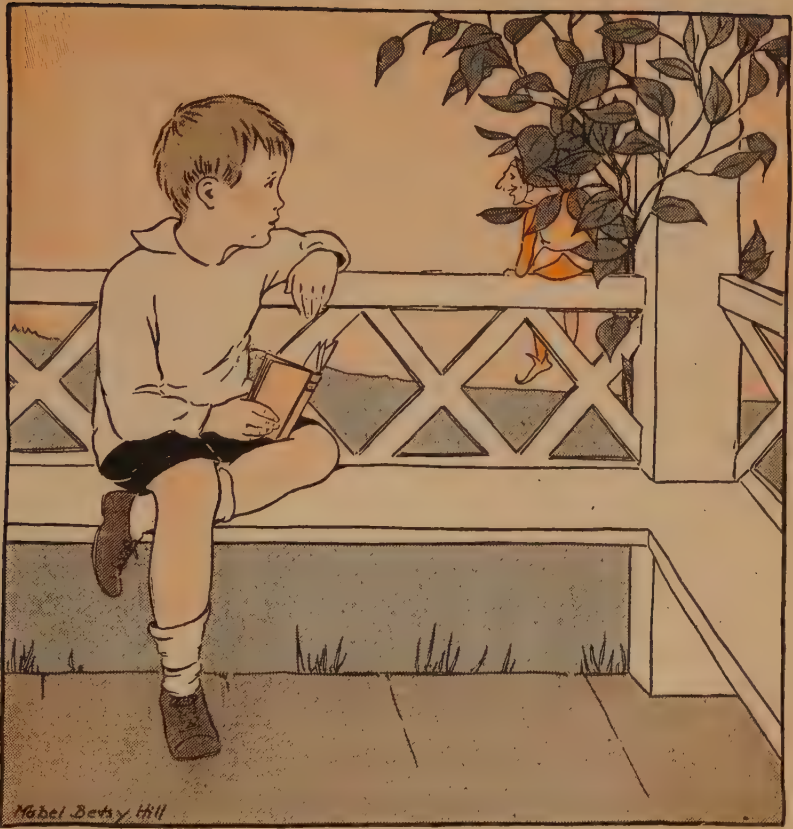
⁴ But the Saturdays
had the greatest fun!
They played "Hopscotch,"
and "Run-sheep-run,"
And "Frog-in-the-meadow,"
and "Pull-away!"
And everything else
they wanted to play!

⁵ And after they'd played
and played and played,
They had pink straws
in their lemonade!
And the cookies and tarts
were like a dream,
And all the Saturdays
had ice cream.

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Finish the following sentences.

1. On Sunday _____.
2. On Monday _____.
3. On Tuesday _____.
4. On Wednesday _____.
5. On Thursday _____.
6. On Friday _____.
7. On Saturday _____.



APRIL FOOL

1. THE "APRIL FOOL" IMP

What was the "April Fool" Imp like?

¹ Kenneth looked at the book crossly, then turned over the other pages. It was only an April Fool book, after all!

“April Fool!” cried a voice. “April Fool! Ha! Ha!”

² Kenneth looked up, and there hidden on the railing of the summer house, was the queerest little fellow, different from any fairy whom Kenneth had met. It reminded him of pictures of imps that he had sometimes seen in books.

³ This imp wore a suit half of red and half of yellow. One leg and one shoe were red and the other yellow. His blouse was divided in the same way and so was the funny cape which he wore about his shoulders. The hem of his clothes was cut into points, and from every point hung a little bell that rang whenever the imp moved. His cap had two long pointed ears. In his hand he carried a wand, on the end of which was a copy of himself dressed in red and yellow, and tinkling with bells.

He was a very funny figure. His mouth stretched from ear to ear in a grin which made Kenneth laugh, too. But Kenneth soon stopped laughing, for there was something about the imp's grin that made him half afraid.

⁴ "Who are you?" asked Kenneth, trying to be very brave. "And what are you laughing at? I don't see anything so very funny!"

"Oh, don't you?" grinned the imp. "April Fool! I do. I am April Fool. Don't you know me?"

Turning around, he showed Kenneth a large sign, pinned to one of the points of his dress. "April Fool!" it read.

⁵ "Oh, you are April Fool, are you?" Kenneth said. "I never saw you before."

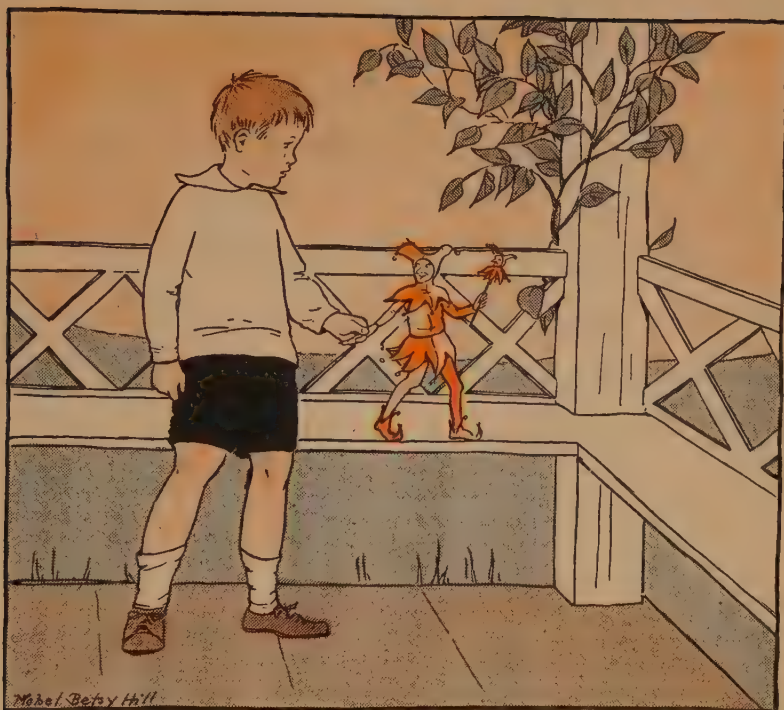
"Ho! You never *saw* me? No, but you have used my name often enough.

You remember April Fool's day every year? Ha, ha! Those were good tricks you played, though to be sure most of them were old enough — old as I am, and that *is* old, I can tell you! But they are good jokes, are they not? One never tires of jokes, does one?" And again he grinned at Kenneth.

"N-no," said Kenneth.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the imp. "Don't you know what night it is? To-morrow is the first of April! What would we have in Fairyland but the very biggest of jokes? This is my night. Come with me."





2. THE "APRIL FOOL" JOURNEY

Which was the funniest happening?

¹ "First you must have something to eat," said the April Fool Imp, "for it is a long journey."

Kenneth said that he was very hungry.

"Then we will go to the kitchen garden," replied the imp. "There you can eat as much as you like."

Kenneth followed the April Fool Imp out of the summer house into a narrow path between green flower beds full of blossoms.

² Kenneth began to feel very happy. At last, in the distance, he caught sight of the kitchen garden, with its tall pie fruit trees, its cooky bushes, its jelly plants, and its ice cream fountains. He could hardly wait to be there, so he ran ahead of April Fool himself.

“That is right! Hurry, my boy!” cried the imp. And Kenneth skipped on happily, for he had a sweet tooth.

³ But suddenly, *bump* went his head and his knee against something hard! He hardly knew what had happened. There lay the kitchen garden quite near, but something had stopped him and would not let him pass, something which he could not see.



“Ha! ha! April Fool again!” laughed the imp, holding his sides in merry laughter. “Don’t you see through the joke? Why, it is quite clear.”

⁴ Sure enough! Kenneth put out his hand, and found that it was a wall of glass, stretched across the path.

Through it he could clearly see all the goodies on the other side.

Kenneth cried. "Oh, I am so very hungry! What a cruel, cruel joke!"

"Jokes do seem cruel sometimes," admitted April Fool; "but they are *such* fun! Oh, my, oh, my! How queer you did look when you bumped against that wall!"

And he started to laugh once more.

⁵ "Well, are you going to let me in?" asked Kenneth. He was cross at the April Fool trick.

"Oh, no, we cannot go in here," said the imp. "We shall have to go around by another way. But this time I really promise to take you to the kitchen garden."

So they turned back-down the narrow path and began a long journey

round about and round about to the garden which they had just seen so near. What a journey that was! So many jokes that Kenneth was nearly standing on his head before they had seen the end!

⁶ They were crossing a bridge over a pretty little stream. When in the middle the whole bridge gave way, and down they fell! Splash! Then the bridge came to rest on magical springs which were made to finish this bouncing joke.

⁷ After this their way led through a cave black as night. It was so still that Kenneth could hear his heartbeats. Suddenly there was an awful roar. It was like the growl of hundreds of wild beasts.

Kenneth screamed with fright, but the imp cried out, "April Fool!" And

at once the cave was filled with light, showing only a machine which had made all the noise.

⁸ Then they came within sight of a tinkling brook, which the imp said they must cross. Kenneth took off his shoes and stockings to wade and stepped down to the edge. But how angry he was to find that it was only a looking-glass! That was a famous joke, for the imp shook with laughter when he saw Kenneth put out his foot to wade into the glass.

⁹ Kenneth grew thirsty, and they stopped to drink at a fountain which looked clear as crystal. But he found his mouth full of salty water, such as one swallows by mistake when bathing in the sea.

It was an awful April Fool journey!

3. THE KITCHEN GARDEN

Which was the best April Fool joke, here?

¹ At last they came to the kitchen garden. There were the pie fruit trees and the blackberry bushes, the caramel plants and the candy hedge, brown with chocolates.

“Now, help yourself,” said the imp.

Without waiting Kenneth fell to. A fine cream pie lay under one of the trees, from which it had just fallen. Kenneth cut a large piece out of it and began to eat it. But! what dreadful stuff! It was frosted with soapsuds instead of whipped cream!

“April Fool!” cried the imp, dancing up and down, for this was the very best joke of all.

“Oh!” cried Kenneth, “I hope they are not all April Fool goodies.” And he ran to the next tree.

² But a bite was all he needed to tell that this was April Fool's night. The apple pies were made of sand. The sponge cake was indeed a real sponge. The doughnuts were of brown rubber. They might be fine for a baby to bite, but they were a poor lunch for a hungry boy. The griddle-cakes were rounds of leather, nicely browned on both sides. The salad was made of green paper. The chocolates were stuffed with cotton wool and other awful stuff, while the maple sugar turned out to be yellow soap. Even the eggs, growing white upon the egg plant, turned out to be hollow. Some funny little boy seemed to have blown their insides away, as a great joke.

³ Once Kenneth would have thought that a very funny idea. But now he sat down and cried and cried, he was so



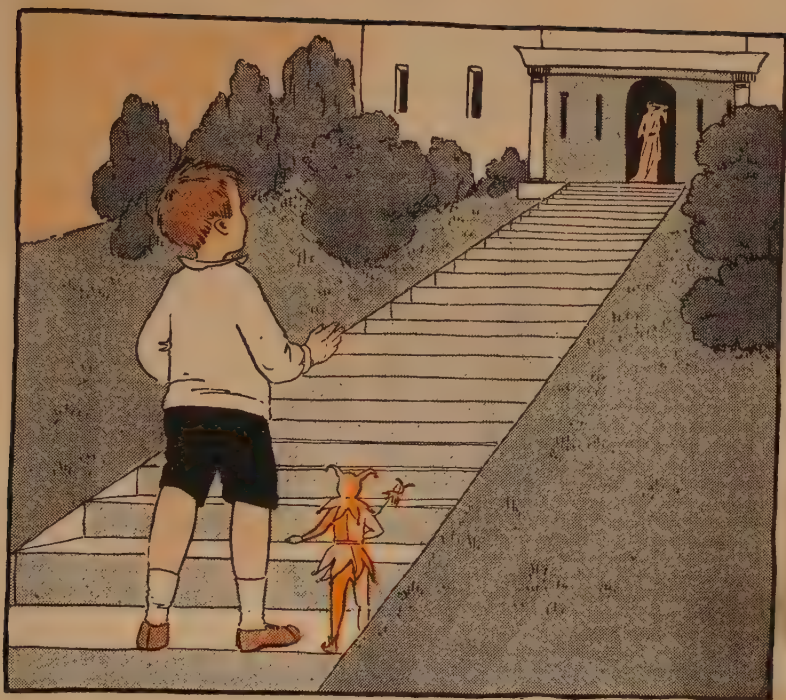
hungry. “Boo hoo! Boo hoo!” cried Kenneth. “I want to go home. I don’t like Fairyland one bit!”

⁴ “Ha! ha!” laughed the imp. “April Fool! This isn’t Fairyland at all; this is April Fool Land, and you are *It*. But come, I really think you have had enough of it. I will take you to the true Fairyland, and give you over to your kind, good Fairy. Shall we go?”

4. FINDING THE GOOD FAIRY

**Can you think of a joke
as good as this last one?**

¹ Kenneth found himself outside of the kitchen garden, walking in the direction of his good Fairy’s really truly palace. At first he dared not think that it was really so. He was afraid of another joke of the April Fool Imp. But at last he saw the good Fairy herself, standing at the top of the staircase which led up to the palace.



Kenneth ran forward and waved his hand, he was so eager to be rid of the imp. ¹³ But the Fairy did not seem to see him. She was looking far off.

² “Well!” growled the imp. “There she is, looking for you. How glad you are to leave me, now that you have

enjoyed all the jokes I had to play! Well, good-by! You have only to walk up the staircase to your good Fairy, and you will be safe from me. I cannot pass into that palace, where the fun is of a different kind from mine."

"It is a great deal nicer than yours, for it is always kind," answered Kenneth, "and yet it is just as funny."

"Very well, go and look for it, then," cried the imp, and without another word he ran away.

³ Kenneth was glad to see him go. He set his foot on the lowest stair and eagerly began to walk up. But no sooner had he lifted his foot to the second step than the staircase began to move, so that he had to step quickly to keep from falling. What did this mean?

"April Fool!" cried a voice behind him. "Ha! ha! It is my last joke, and

it is a good one. You are on a treadmill stairway, Kenneth. You must climb fast or you will fall down and be ground up inside the machine. Hurrah! Step lively, please! Step lively! Maybe you will reach the top by to-morrow morning.”

⁴ Kenneth had to work his little legs faster and faster and faster, as the great stairway turned around under him. Yet hard as he tried he never reached a step nearer the top, but stayed always in the same place. And the Fairy still looked away over the tops of the trees, without seeing him.

“Ha! ha!” laughed the imp, but his voice was not so loud as it had been.

The poor boy felt that he could not keep up for long. His legs ached, and his head ached, and his poor back ached most of all.

“I cannot move my legs any faster,” he cried, “I must sit down, even if I do go under to be ground into little pieces.”

⁵ So Kenneth sat down on the staircase. He closed his eyes and shivered with fear of what might happen next. But what happened? The staircase only stopped with a jerk — and stood still.

“April!” cried the distant voice of the imp. “You might have done it long ago. April Fool — Fool — Fool!” and the voice faded away into the breeze.

⁶ At the same moment Kenneth heard a sweet voice call from the top of the staircase. “Kenneth, Kenneth!” it said. Looking up, he saw his good Fairy coming swiftly down the staircase.

By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

An almanac tells you the time of the year.
How can this be Marjorie's almanac?

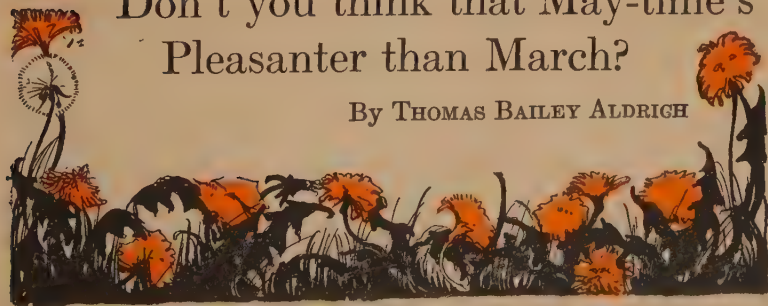
What time of year does it picture?

Robins in the tree-top,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;

Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew;

Pine tree and willow tree,
Fringed elm and larch, —
Don't you think that May-time's
Pleasanter than March?

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



SPRING FLOWERS

Find the part that tells about each picture.

1. Tulips fringe the winding flower bed.
2. The daisy returns early in the North.
3. I dare not trespass on a violet bed.
4. Some persons enjoy dandelion salad.
5. We trim grass on handsome lawns.
6. Flowers cheer us with their presence.
7. It costs millions to save fruit blossoms and get rid of their enemies.
8. Alder catkins moved to and fro.
9. Pussywillows love a swamp or marsh.
10. Daisies cheer us and delight the eye.
11. A violet is famous for its smell.
12. Crocus buds in the grass delight us.
13. Violets will freeze and die in snow.
14. Rock flowers fade unless watered.
15. A shower instantly brings new life.
16. A blushing rose is queen of flowers.
17. Our wild flowers are truly precious.
18. Elms and willows have lovely boughs.



19. We have felt the power of flowers.
20. The odor of purple violets is sweet.
21. Naturalists understand flowers.
22. On the shelves in Mother's precious china bowls were the buttercups.
23. The clover deserves to win against an army of cunning bugs and worms.



B

THE NAUGHTY TULIP

Listen while your teacher reads.

¹ “I wish I were a violet,” the naughty Tulip said.

“I want to wear a pretty purple hat upon my head.

I’m very tired of the ugly one I always have to wear,

I never chose a yellow hat! Oh, dear,
it isn't fair!"

² She hung her little head and sulked
and shook in silly grief,
She sought to hide her lovely head be-
hind a pointed leaf.

And when the kindly, pleasant sun
beamed down on her and smiled,
She pouted and she flouted him, the
naughty Tulip-Child!

³ Just then, as she was whimpering, a
Breeze came passing by.

He heard the Tulip scolding with her
pretty hat awry.

So then, to punish her, he *blew*, and
whisked the hat away.

And now she stands and shivers there,
bareheaded, all the day!

By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Draw the tulip after the breeze punished her.

HIDDEN WORD GAME

1. Finish the sentence:

In the last month of the year there is a great holiday. It is —.

Thanksgiving	Easter	America
Valentine	England	Christmas

2. Choose five of the following words.

Write them on your paper. Then beside each word write all the little words you can find in it. You may mix the letters.

snapshots	telephone	automobile
airplane	railroad	fire department
machine	gingerbread	policeman

3. On the next page are names of birds, flowers, trees, and animals that you have met in your reading.

The names are all mixed up. You are to sort them. Write on your paper the following words, as shown on page 215.

flowers^{is} birds trees four-legged animals

Then write all the names of flowers under *flowers*; all the bird names under *birds*; all the trees under *trees*; and all animal names under *four-legged animals*. That will sort the words.

hare	owl	goldenrod
apple	tortoise	robin redbreast
crocus	oak	chipmunk
pine	bluebird	bear
reindeer	beaver	rock flower
thrush	alder	squirrel
violet	rabbit	lark
linden	wolf	juniper
Eskimo dog	Bob White	buttercup
blue jay	daisy	donkey
dandelion	Billy-Goat	elm
maple	woodpecker	flicker
crow	willow	tiger
monkey	sparrow	clover
tulip	elephant	wren
larch	fir	pussy willow
cow	Reynard the fox	turtle
kingfisher	humming bird	kid
wild rose	pond lily	catbird

Find a title for each part.

I. _____

¹ Not so very many years ago, 7
 the milk raised on a farm was either 15
 used at home in the shape of milk, 23
 butter, and cheese, or carried to 29
 people who lived within a few miles. 36
 To-day much of the milk that is 43
 sold in large cities is brought long 50
 distances by railroad. That is why 56
 it needs more care than ever. 62

² Most of all, milk needs to be 69
 clean. It is one of the best of foods, 78
 but if it is not clean, it becomes one 87
 of the worst. The barn should be 94
 kept clean. The pails should be 100
 kept clean. The cow should be 106
 kept clean, and the man who milks 113
 her should be clean, too. 118

³ The milk should be cooled at 124
 once and kept cool until it is used. 132
 When the bottle of milk is brought 139
 to your back door, you should 145
 bring it in at once. If there is no 154
 ice, you should wrap a wet cloth 161
 around it, and let it stand in a dish 170
 of water out of the sun, but in the 179
 open air. 181

⁴ Milk will take up odors just as a 189
 sponge will take up water. If milk 196
 in an open dish stands in an ice box 204
 where there are onions or fish, it 211
 will soon taste of them. That is 218
 why milk should not be left in the 226
 ice box in an open bowl or in a 234
 pitcher. 235

II. _____

If a cow advertised for a master, 242
 she would write somewhat like this: 248

"I want a master who likes cows	255
and understands their ways. If I	261
am shut up in the barn, he must	269
bring me my meals in good time,	276
and not give me water so cold that	284
it will take me half an hour to get	293
warm. He must move about	298
quietly, speak gently, and not scold	304
me. He must know that cows like	311
to be milked at the same hour and	319
in the same order. I want a master	327
who will keep me happy and com-	333
fortable. I want a master who will	340
be my friend. I will pay him well	348
for his care. I will give him milk to	357
drink. From the milk he can make	364
butter and cheese to eat with his	371
bread."	372

By EVA MARCH TAPPAN

THE FROGGERY

1. THE BROOK HOME

**Find everything that is said about
the frogger**

¹ When my sister and I were small, one of the things we cared for most was our frogger. We used to play there for hours together in the long summer days.

Perhaps you don't know what a frogger is, but you do know what a frog is, and so you can guess that a frogger is a place where frogs live.

² My little sister and I used at first to catch the frogs and keep them in tin cans filled with water. But when we thought about it we saw that the poor froggies could not enjoy this. We saw that it was cruel to take them away from their homes and make them live in tiny tin houses.

So one day I asked my father if he would give us a part of the garden brook for our very own. He laughed, and said, "Yes," if we would not carry it away.

³ Our garden was as large as four or five city blocks. A beautiful clear brook flowed

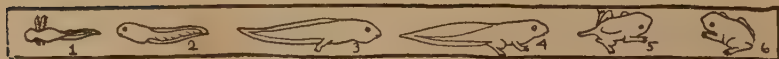
through it. It turned here and there, and here and there it broke into tinkling little waterfalls, or dropped gently into clear, still pools.

It was one of these deep, quiet pools that we chose for our froggery. It was almost hidden on two sides by thick green bushes, so that it was always cool and pleasant there even on the hottest days.

⁴ My father put pieces of fine wire netting into the water on each of the four sides of the pool. He fixed them so that we could slip those on the banks up and down as we pleased. Whenever we went there we always took away the side fences, and sat flat down upon the smooth stones at the edge of the brook and played with the frogs.

⁵ Here we used to watch our gay young polliwogs grow into frogs, one leg at a time coming out at each "corner" of their fat wiggling bodies.

Tell how a polliwog turns into a frog.



2. THE HOSPITAL AND THE NURSERY

Which would be the more fun to watch?

¹ We had two great bullfrogs that had been stoned by naughty small boys and left for dead by the roadside. We found them there, tied up their poor broken legs, and nursed them quite well again in one corner of the froggerly that we called the hospital.

² In another corner was the nursery, and here we kept all the tiniest frogs. We always let them out once a day to play with the older ones. We were afraid that they never would learn anything if they were kept off by themselves.

³ One of our great bullfrogs grew so strong and well, after being in the hospital for a while, that he jumped over the highest of the wire fences. It was two feet higher than any frog ever was known to jump, so we were told. But the bullfrog jumped over and hopped away.

We called him the General, because he was the largest of our frogs and the oldest. He was very much wrinkled. We were

sorry to lose the General, and could not think why he should run away, when we gave him such good things to eat and tried to make him happy.

But what do you think? After staying away for three days and nights the General came back safe and sound! We knew it was our own dear General, and not any strange frog, because there was the mark on his back where the boys had stoned him.

⁴ My little sister thought that perhaps the General was born in Lily Pad Pond, on the other side of the village. She thought perhaps he only went back to get a sight of the pond lilies, which were just in full bloom. If that was so, I cannot blame the General. Snow-white pond lilies with their golden hearts and the green ruffles round their necks are the loveliest things in the world.

Did you ever see them floating among their shiny pads on the water of the pond?

SOMETHING TO DO

1. Make a picture of the General.
2. Make a picture of a pond lily.



How was this like a real school?

¹ All our frogs had names of their own.

There were Brownie and Goldilegs; Bright-eye, Chirp, Hop-o'-my-Thumb, Croaker, Baby Mine, Polly, Nimblefoot, Tiny Tim, and many others.

² We were so afraid that our frogs would not like the froggery better than any other place in the brook that we always gave them fat juicy flies and water bugs for their dinners. After a while we put some tiny fishes into the pool, so that they would have fishes to play with as well as other frogs.

³ Then we gave our frogs half-holidays once in a while. We tied a long soft woolen string round one of their legs. We fastened the string to a twig of one of the bushes, and let them take a long swim.

⁴ We had a singing school for them once a week. They did not like to stand in line a bit, and it is quite hard to teach a class in singing if the pupils will not stand in a row or keep in some sort of order. We used to put a nice little board across the pool, and

then try to get the frogs to sit quietly in line during their lesson.

⁵ The General behaved quite nicely, so that he was a fine pupil for the head of the class. Then Myron W. Whitney deserved to be next in line, because of the power of his bass voice. We named him after a gentleman who had once sung in our church. Myron W. Whitney behaved nearly as well as the General, but we could never get him to sing unless we held the class just before bedtime. Then the little frogs were so sleepy that they kept tumbling out of the singing-class into the pool. That was the trouble with them all — none of them could quite see the difference between school and pool.

4. A SINGING LESSON

How did the frogs behave at their lesson?

¹ By the end of the summer we had trained them quite well. Once in a long while we could get them all still at once in the singing school and all facing the right way as they sat upon the board.



Oh! it was a beautiful sight. Twenty-one frogs in a row, all in fresh green suits, with clean white shirt fronts, washed every day. The General and Myron W. Whitney always looked so proud. They were too fat and lazy to move, so we could always count upon their being good.

² When they were all there, I would begin the lesson. Sometimes they would listen for a moment, and then they would begin their tricks. They would insist on playing leapfrog, which is a very nice game, but not right for school.

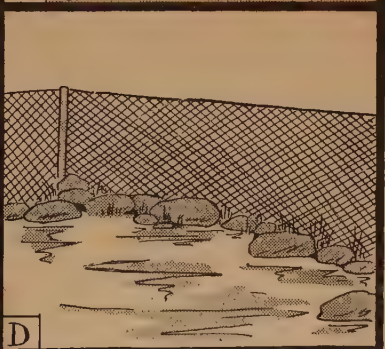
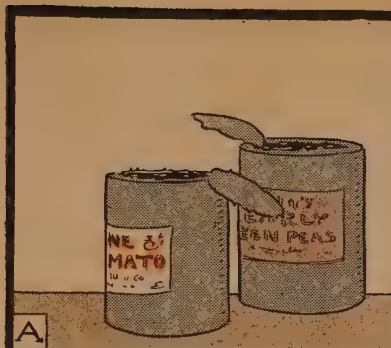
Tiny Tim would jump from the foot of the class straight over all the others on to Myron W. Whitney's back. Baby Polly

would try to get between Croaker and Gold-ilegs, where there wasn't any room. Nimblefoot would turn round on the board and put his back to me, which was not very polite, as I was the teacher. Hop-o'-my-Thumb would go splash into the pool, and all but the good old General would follow him. Then the lesson would end.

³ Some people think the big bullfrogs say, "*Jug-o'-rum! Jug-o'-rum! Jug-o'-rum!*" We used to think that some of the frogs said, "*Kerchug! Kerchug!*" and that the largest one said in a deep bass voice, "*Gotacrumb! Gotacrumb! Gotacrumb!*"

⁴ We thought the frogs in our froggery the very best singers in all the country round. After our mother had put us in our little beds and kissed us good-night, she used to open the window, that we might hear the chirping and humming and kerchugging of our frogs down in the dear old garden. As we wandered off into Sandman's Land, the very last sound we heard was the singing of our baby frogs, and the deep bass notes of Myron W. Whitney and the old General.

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN



PUZZLE PICTURES

Find the pictures in the story.



TALK

What have you heard talk outdoors?

- 1 All around me things are talking.
The leaves of little trees
Keep whispering their secrets
To every little breeze.
- 2 And when I play beside the brook,
Sometimes for all day long,
There's not a minute's stillness,
Without the Water's song.
- 3 The Humming Birds keep humming.
The Bees are buzzing, too.
The Wind is whistling in the sky.
The Lark sings all day through.

4 At evening Crickets chirp and chur-r-k,
Until the Frogs awake.
The noisy Night-Owl hoots until
His feather throat must ache.

5 I wonder what they say and sing
Through night and daylight hours.
I think they talk and sing, because
They're glad they live outdoors.

By FRANCES GILL





THE CLEVER KID

¹ **TIME:** one morning.

² **PLACE:** a pasture.

³ **ACTORS:** Gray Wolf
White Wolf
Kid

Play this.

⁴ (*The GRAY WOLF and the WHITE WOLF are standing at the foot of a hill; at the top of the hill is a KID.*)

⁵ GRAY WOLF. Look, brother! There is a kid in the pasture!

WHITE WOLF. Where? Where?

GRAY WOLF. On that hill to the south of us.

WHITE WOLF. I do not see her.

GRAY WOLF. She is on the very top.

WHITE WOLF. Ah, now I see her!

⁶ GRAY WOLF. I wish we could get to her.

WHITE WOLF. She would make a fine dinner.

GRAY WOLF. She would, my brother.

WHITE WOLF. She is so young!

GRAY WOLF. She is so tender.

⁷ WHITE WOLF. Well, we cannot get her.
The hill is too steep.

⁸ GRAY WOLF. We must make her come
to us.

WHITE WOLF. Yes, yes! That will be
fine!

⁹ GRAY WOLF. O little Kid! Dear little
Kid!

WHITE WOLF. O little Kid! Sweet little
Kid!

KID. What is it, sirs?

GRAY WOLF. The grass down here is
sweeter!

WHITE WOLF. And greener!

GRAY WOLF. And fresher!

WHITE WOLF. And younger!

GRAY WOLF. Come down and eat your
dinner here!

¹⁰ KID. Do you speak of my dinner, kind
sirs?

WOLVES. O yes, yes, yes!

KID. You *speak* of my dinner, but you
think of your own. I will stay where I
am.

Æsop, in play form, by AUGUSTA STEVENSON

BERRYING SONG

Which of these things should you enjoy most?

1 Ho! for the hills in summer!
 Ho! for the rocky shade,
 Where the ground-pine trails under the
 fern leaves,
 Deep in the mossy glade.
 Up in the dewy sunrise,
 Waked by the robin's trill.
 Up and away, a-berrying,
 To the pastures on the hill!

2 Red lilies blaze out of the thicket.
 Wild roses blush here and there.
 There's sweetness in all the breezes,
 There's health in each breath of air.
 Hark to the wind in the pine trees!
 Hark to the tinkling rill!
 O, pleasant it is a-berrying
 In the pastures on the hill!

3 We'll garland our baskets with blossoms,
 And sit on the rocks and sing,
 And tell one another old stories,
 Till the trees long shadows fling.



Then homeward with laughter and carol,
Mocking the echoes shrill.
O, merry it is a-berrying
In the pastures on the hill!

By LUCY LARCOM

Draw three things spoken of here.

WHO, WHERE, WHAT, HOW

1. We wandered merrily among the daisies.
2. At the hospital he instantly sounded the fire alarm.
3. We truly need to wear heavy suits, blouses, and hoods in the far North.
4. Bob saw the speaker suddenly disappear in the building that held the aquarium.
5. Mother waved her broom like a wand over the hedge in great merriment.
6. At Easter we easily remember the buttercups in the distant fresh-water meadows.
7. Clearly Father explained to us the working of the electric light at the fountain.
8. Paul politely asked permission to drop a valentine in the mail box.
9. The donkey suddenly disappeared from the thickly wooded ridge.
10. The fairy queen waved her daisy wand gently in the dewy glade.
11. Marjorie swept the shavings from under the hedge with a broom.
12. In a lively voice we called *Hello* to the boys and girls sitting at the fountain.
13. In the automobile we wandered happily by the hedges and lemonade stands.

14. Marjorie politely insisted on having the tarts and lemonade outside where bugs sting and bite.
15. The brave spies lost their lives in a battle with the wild tigers in the forest.
16. A kingfisher settled on a willow bough and gently stretched his wings.
17. With a policeman's help the naturalist put the crawling turtles in an aquarium.
18. Mother washed the cotton blouse, hood, and suit with soap in the nursery.
19. The kingfisher pecked and pecked at the catkins on the alder boughs.
20. The policeman easily discovered the spies in the leather factory.
21. In great pain the tiger creeps away from where the animals had a battle.
22. Under the elms the naturalist quietly told how he discovered the course of the river.
23. In falling from the donkey the boy tears the fringe from his suit, blouse, and hood, and loses it.
24. The turtle crawled slowly from the fresh-water swamp and chose a sunny ridge to settle on.
25. Mother quickly put the firecrackers back of a bottle.



Why is this called “growing”?

1 Of all the ways that things may grow,
And change, from day to day,
I think the caterpillar grows
In much the funniest way.
Why! first he’s just a crawly bug,
With coat all smooth and brown.

2 But he creeps into a little house
Of furry, soft, white down,
And when he comes to light again,
He’s wonderful to see!
He’s changed into a butterfly!
It’s very strange, to me.

By FRANCES GILL

SOMETHING TO TELL

1. Into what does the caterpillar change?
2. Explain the three things in the picture.
3. What kinds of butterflies have you seen?

A TRIP TO THE WOODS

Copy this. When your teacher gives the signal, open your book to page 238, and read the story. Then write the answers on the lines on your paper.

The start

Who. _____

When. _____

What. _____

Troubles they had

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

How it turned out

The end

Who. _____

When. _____

Where. _____

How. _____

What. _____

A TRIP TO THE WOODS

One day last summer, Mother, Tom and Betty, and two little friends went on a trip to the woods.	5
Oh, the troubles they had on the way!	12
First, Mother got caught on a fence in getting into the meadow. Then, in crossing the meadow, they came to a brook which was too wide to cross. To get around the brook they had to go to the end of the pasture. Then what do you think happened! A big red cow ran after them.	21
	24
	32
	41
	48
	56
	65
	75
	81
	88
What could they do? They ran and ran, with the cow close after them. Mother held on to the lunch basket.	96
	104
	109
They reached the fence and climbed to safety, just as the cow rushed up. They were safe on the other side of the fence.	116
	124
	133
Under a big oak tree, at twelve o'clock, Mother, Tom, Betty, and the two little friends hungrily ate the lunch.	141
	148
	153

Close your book and write answers to what you have copied from page 237.



GAME 1. (After page 16.)



1. What did Mother Breeze paste?
lake thunder apron porridge form
fern happily voice afternoon leaf

2. How did the Gradual Fairy become?
nap wicked sunset awake loveliest
tub lovely praise golden twelve

3. What did Green Goblin have to do?
bloom fan scold mean promise
listen even growl hung surprise

GAME 2. (After page 27.)

1. The goldenrod flared bright as a —.
lamp candle follow torch heartbeats
leader throat birdies track noontide

2. The chipmunk went to a distant —.
ship tortoise darkness, cave quietly
begin bookland ourselves hare upstairs

3. Chippy became — in his new home.
sleepy queer autumn homeward inside
asleep might slowly, contented fan



GAME 3. (After page 41.)



1. Where did the Quakers meet?

ladder stream lonely Philadelphia
Missy village kindly bright-colored

2. What did Chief Big Bear give Gwen?
tooth arrow easy beads rise England
canoe allow tiny choke past presents

3. What was on Winonah's dolls?
swallow flare led bow deerskin
toward life hope soup families

GAME 4. (After page 50.)

1. Hiawatha knew the language of the
—.

linden frolic bluebird robin chatter
wonder toward distance acorn slumber

2. —! The naked bear will hear thee.
sprang hunter clay shoot music Hush
toward point leap aside lodges wail

3. The rabbit sat — on his haunches.
gloomy timid fretful hope erect soup
sprang breast lapping lull forth inch

GAME 5. (After page 53.)

1. — the strange man paddled home-ward.

Swiftly America whene'er Straightway
lapping language doorway Atlantic

2. The beaver sat — on his haunches.
slumber fretful lull wore rush erect
gloomy naked thee wail rise lodge

GAME 6. (After page 72.)

1. The whistle-oo tree grew magical —.
clothes pocket notch mind whistles
journey minute trunk news whiskers

2. The — said, "Save your wishes!"
sell riches warble kept washerwoman
thee trill magic fist woodcutter

3. The brother made a — out West.
change none lift fortune dug lark
stamp true piled gruffly sell fist

4. Villagers wanted — and a palace.
divide thrush neighbor bother power
deserve orphan merrily crowd cheat

GAME 7. (After page 90.)

1. The janitor took twelve snapshots of a —.

caterpillar blue jay flicker lawn joy thick
 redbreast juniper sorrow flock cheat none

2. A flicker fluttered in the —.

middle passed touch bath clothes bathe
 meddle breast eager hunt sentence cheat

3. The — fed on worms in the trees.

joy flirt unless news flicker puzzle edge
 cap knife breast till sorrow Sunday feed

GAME 8. (After page 105.)

1. Queer-shaped lanterns hung from the —.

gentleman umbrella cost needle pagoda
 match box moonbeam felt ceiling trunk

2. In the Japanese shop were — screens.

empty alive square live curious knob
 dwarf deal zigzag ugly winding float

3. The china Somebody had a — of hair.

truly question such knob sorrow cost
 float dollars nibble kiss puzzle lady

4. A — mouse nibbled cheese in his pocket.

screen ceiling umbrella kiss cost china
 zigzag dwarf tiniest flirt live knob

B GAME 7. (After page 114.)

1. We — the envelope to Portland, Maine.

lend return hut flare address hungrily
seal master war send bravely ceiling

2. The faithful workmen move the — and bricks.

frolic wild whom spoke beams state
deserve flirt upper North mound fruit

3. Each — has a different shadow-mate.

winding person lend playmate pole dwarf
written nibble seal mail box send screen

4. Grandmother gave directions how to go to —.

presence fro divide upper zigzag written
New York lend mound state church jungle

GAME 8. (After page 129.)

1. The Dutch twins struck a — and bounced.

cart snail curtain bump harness row
sale wagon forward woke pillow pat

2. They — Paul and drove some distance.

rope drew stoutest whipped fix brass
fade woke whimper shelves hut howl

3. The Eskimo boy — in a heap in the drift.

cloth send furry scream sank lend sale
ugly slid spoke harness sled jerk howl



GAME 11. (After page 140.)

1. The handsome drum — the pupils.

hut shelves whips delights shock jerk bow
fro dismiss woke bounced spoke pour soup

2. They had — in arithmetic and spelling.

mistakes hall silent lessons happiness
stoutest knife brass Grandma smell

3. The fire department showed — in danger.

soldiers order courage delay sank whimper
written drove harness grade pour dismiss

4. The Principal agreed that all — the drum.

narrow stairs return obeyed band frolic
hollow march shock sudden firm delay

GAME 12. (After page 147.)

1. The sugar canes grow — feet high.

juice million trespass trim stoutest cane
candy machine twenty beam pillows post

2. The lumbermen cut timber for the —.

fire alarm maple mill beet suck sale
admittance title boil sign firm tear

3. Firecrackers start a — in shavings.

flame sap bonfire blaze signal beet post
spark pat squeeze sugar snail sled sort

GAME 13. (After page 157.)

1. The fellow repaired the — in the factory.

yarn except fiddle pulley creek post mound
copy porch arrive freeze hello knit timber

2. Billy understood and — his playmate.

sled seized unravel cheered patted send toe
also finish forward courage jerked faded slid

3. They have a half-holiday on Saturday at —.

twine precious either mistake knit bump
angry Portland match bother noon heap

4. The man understood how to repair —.

automobiles electric gas stove trucks die
permission bottles sap spark mound pat

GAME 14. (After page 169.)

1. Billy has written to explain his —.

fleas course likely ache telephone trip grade
since shock Monday dare airplane slid delay

2. The fleas disappeared on the dog's —.

possible shower instantly body dirt broom
Tuesday behave Thursday heap beet except

3. On Wednesday the crocus — cheered us.

depend blush wand bid remember ridge
Friday shock howl bud unravel shiver

GAME 15. (After page 187.)

1. Old Growler insulted the royal children of the —.

tiger donkey marsh wrens general swamp den
alder sting whisk queen catkins turtle tin

2. Spies bravely discovered the enemy's —.

gnat kingfisher army summon battle sting
pain salt-water dawn apology settle snail

3. Naturalists discover animals in fresh-water —.

sap swamps aquarium toe famous marsh peck
toe punish cunning die weak crawl tin

GAME 16. (After page 208.)

1. The April Fool imp had bells on blouse and —.

supercilious salad suit lemonade dawn joke
hopscotch stuff soap admittance tarts sank

2. He — the caramels and chocolates.

tinkle seize stretch gas enjoys hem pain
hurrah jelly cotton pin spark rid peck

3. The staircase was a — treadmill.

Tuesday tart lively cruel hedge remind soup
dismiss grin rang admit cape figure else

4. Griddle-cakes were made of —.

doughnuts sponges leather empty shoulder
soapsuds squeeze laughter bathe fountain

GAME 17. (After page 213.)

1. Marjorie loved the — of purple violets.
fringe courage daisies howl almanac title
pulley except squeeze odor spelling remind
2. A bareheaded girl picked clover and —.
dandelions since elm understand toe dawn
telephone cloth body arithmetic gas jelly
3. We — that a shower was likely to come.
slid agreed dismiss chose flout catkins
else bough willow cloth flame apology
4. The tulip sulked in — grief, bareheaded.
fair likely silly awry tear million suck
pout sought grade firm trim bottles knit

GAME 18. (After page 218.)

1. We — hot gingerbread at Thanksgiving.
wrapped hem tasted sold advertised shape
bonfire hum either suck telephone dawn
2. Onions have the — odor.
cool beet airplane worst valentine agreed
lily fleas trespass truck admittance repair
3. The policeman wanted a comfortable —.
mile understand holiday meal Easter sap pin
stove arithmetic cloth kid gently bid rid

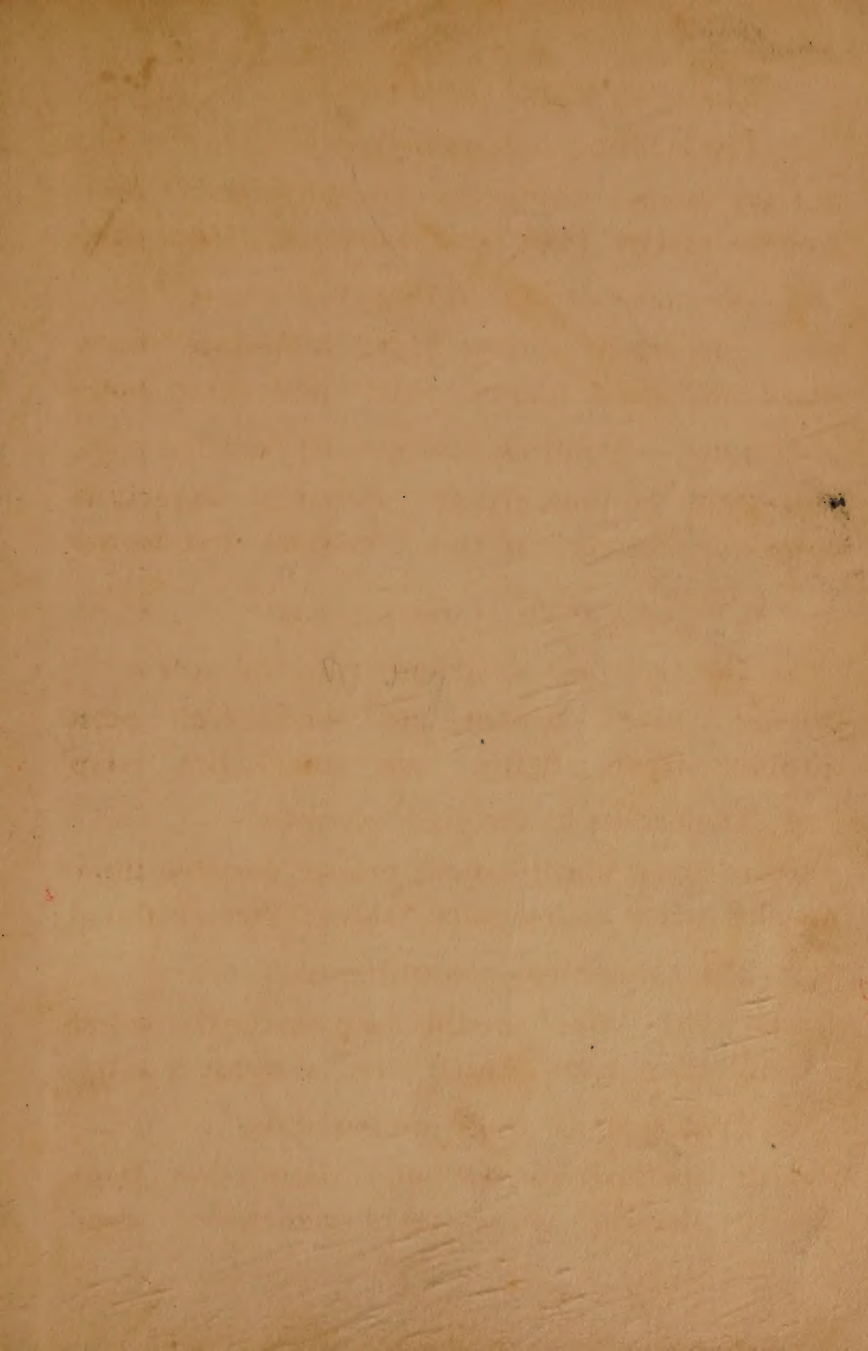


GAME 19. (After page 226.)

1. The bullfrogs and polliwogs lived in the —.
nursery during bow gay froggery flow else
trouble except hope pad hospital ridge soap
2. We understood that there was no —.
wire pin fresh wander chirp difference body
mark bid insist blame shirt policeman bow
3. Some — bullfrogs disappeared from the pool.
bass fair famous either shavings aquarium
sung else repair purple trespass handsome

GAME 20. (After page 238.)

1. The clever — stayed south of the wolves.
cricket title broom kid shade trail pain
airplane freeze figure pin since dirt soap
2. The echoes in the glade were —.
pasture steep shrill mock tender possible fling
thicket truck course suck shiver stretch hood
3. The playmates — admittance.
freeze rill odor sought dare instantly worst
depend rang hoot marsh dirt shoulders salty
4. They sang — and wore garlands.
health spelling carols hello permission hem
breath electric swept tears remember cape



1 A-B

acorn



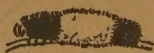
2 B-C

beet



3 C-D

caterpillar



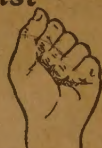
4 D-F

dandelion



5 F-G-H-K

fist



airplane



blue jay



catkins



donkey



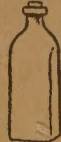
flicker



apron



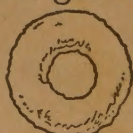
bottle



chipmunk



doughnut



fruit



aquarium



broom



clover



fan



golden-rod



arrow



bullfrog



cricket



fern



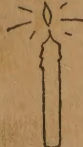
hare



automobile



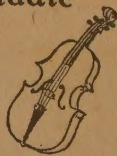
candle



crocus



fiddle



kid



beads



canoe



daisy

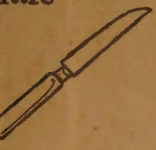
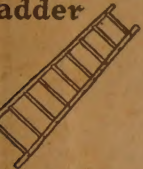


fire-crackers



king-fisher



K-L knife 	M-P mail-box 	R-S robin 	T telephone 	T-U-V-W twelve 12
ladder 	match box 	rope 	thrush 	twenty 20
lady 	pagoda 	screen 	tiger 	twine 
lamp 	pillow 	sled 	tortoise 	umbrella 
lantern 	polliwog 	snail 	trunk 	violet 
leaf 	pulley 	square 	tub 	wagon 
tulip 	pussy willow 	stove 	tulip 	wren 

